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AGNES, THE STEP-MOTHER: OR THE CASTLE OF THE SEA. A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XII.

"A deep and mighty shadow
Across my heart is thrown,
Like a cloud on a summer meadow,
Where the thunder wind hath blown.
The wild rose, Fancy, death—
The sweet bird, Memory, life—
I shall be left alone!"

All has been satisfactorily arranged. Mrs. Greyson succeeded in her mission with Donna Isabella. She spoke boastfully of her son's means, and her own possessions, adding that her present request for a pecuniary loan was owing to a vast commercial enterprise in which her son had embarked, and which would considerably augment his already wealthy store. All smiles and condescension, Donna Isabella acceded to her "dear friend's" request; the more readily as the old lady triumphantly proclaimed her success in winning her son's consent to the union of Don Felix with Eva.

For a time the brow of Maurice Golding resumed its wonted serenity; his affairs seemingly prospered, and he renewed towards his wife the former affectionate demeanor. On one point they never conversed—the marriage of Eva—which was to take place in six months. Agnes knew and felt that it was useless to argue the matter with her husband; his word had been given, and he solemnly assured Agnes of the falsity of the charges she had heard against Don Felix; so Eva's fate was sealed. Mr. Golding was a subtle reasoner, an eloquent pleader of his own view of a subject, but doubt and apprehension dwelt in the heart of Agnes; an undefined fear sealed her lips, and pursued even her lightest slumber.

Donna Isabella had spent a week at the Castle, and during her stay Agnes had exerted to the utmost her powers of self-control, that she might fulfill her husband's wishes; but her's was too frank and truthful a nature; she could not conceal the expression of displeasure that settled upon her speaking face, while listening to Donna Isabella's flippant discourse and empty-hearted tattle, her love of gossip and her flatteries. To Mrs. Greyson the young widow was most affectionate and obsequious; towards Eva she assumed a matronly tone of encouragement and advice, joined to the most caressing manner. She told the young girl of all her brother's fastidious tastes and aristocratic likes and dislikes; of his love for luxurious ease and elegant surroundings; his fervent admiration of beauty and musical skill; his critical judgment in all appertaining to female dress and accomplishment; all this was mingled with delicate flattery and allusion to Eva's superiority in beauty and demeanor, that coupled with the loved one's name, brought the modest blush to the young girl's cheek, and a feeling of triumphant joy to her expanding heart. Under the tuition of Agnes, she had become an accomplished musician; her singing delighted all and enraptured her lover, who, in his quality of accepted suitor, daily visited at the Castle, and often dined there. Towards Agnes, the manner of brother and sister was studiously formal and polite, while in the presence of Mr. Golding; but in his absence they failed not in conveying by word, and look, and manner, their utter disregard of her authority in the household, and of her position towards Eva. Donna Isabella would speak of Mrs. Greyson's servants, Mrs. Greyson's house; and demanding Mrs. Greyson's permission to do this or that; and in all things conveying their impression that she, and not Agnes, was the mistress of *Castiglio del mar*. Before Eva's love-bound eyes all this passed by unheeded; happy in the daily presence of him she loved, wrapt in the sweet dreams of youthful glowing promises, life spread before her, a fertile valley teeming with fragrant treasures of everlasting bloom and joy. Studiously as before, the grand mother kept Eva and her step-mother apart; the love that bound the confiding girl to the aged woman was doubly strengthened by the interest she had manifested in obtaining her father's reluctant consent. Of the hidden reasons for the sudden change, the happy, dreaming Eva knew not; the old lady kept her secret well.

A letter came from Frank Wylie, announcing his mother's death, and his intention of remaining in New York, at the urgent desire of his only remaining relative, a widowed sister of his mother. He had established himself in business, and thanking Mr. Golding for all past favors, remitted to him the sum, once so generously bestowed upon him. In Mr. Golding's letter was another directed to Agnes. As her husband delivered it to her, he anxiously scanned her countenance, while she sat, perusing it.

"What could Frank Wylie find to write to his wife? What a piece of presumption! in his clerk to address Mrs. Golding!" These thoughts caused an angry shadow to flit across his brow; but Agnes had finished reading the letter; she held it dreamily in her hand, while her eyes were suffused with tears.

"Mrs. Golding, will you oblige me by communicating the contents of that very interesting epistle? As I see you so deeply moved by it, may I know the cause, unless it be a secret you wish to guard?"

Agnes looked up with a heightened color: "I have no secrets from my husband," she replied, gently yet proudly; "read the letter, Maurice, and let me entreat you not to think harshly of the young man for what he says. I know he means well."

With an impatient gesture, Mr. Golding took the letter from her hand; the thick vein upon his forehead swelled, and his lip curled sarcastically, as he read:—

"New York, September 9th, 18—

"My Dear and Beloved Wife, I will excuse for venturing to address you, convinced, as I am, of your interest in my welfare. My beloved mother has departed for that brighter shore, where tears and sufferings are unknown. Need I tell you, that although I had been hourly expecting my bereavement, her loss overcame me with a sudden shock of desolation? Yet have I been strengthened and upheld by her beautiful resignation, the loving and religious spirit that smoothed her pathway to the tomb; her last words were inspired utterances of faith and love—We shall meet again, my son! even on earth your mother's love shall hover around you, her spirit cheer you in your trials and solitary hours. Farewell, my son! there is a heaven of joy and rest—there we shall meet again! Low and fervently she uttered these words; then her eyes closed, as if in gentlest slumber, her hand pointing upwards. As that thin hand fell upon the coverlid, a soft sigh issued from her lips, and a smile of more than earthly glory—a smile of heavenly beauty—rested upon her face. I knew that her spirit had put on the immortal garb, and to you, generous and feeling as you are, I may, without fear of incurring ridicule, relate what passed in that consecrated chamber, at the silent morning hour. I may then tell you that a low, sweeping melody, as of airy voices, echoed through the stilled chamber, that a ray, as of intruding sunlight, rested upon the brow of the departed. Was it the hallucination of exalted sorrow, or the revelations of the higher life? Methought I beheld a wreath, as it were, of starry blossoms, flowers and leaves formed of golden rain-drops, hovering above her head; soon, too soon, the vision faded, the sunshine faded; the night-shadows yet lingered, and I was alone with the sad reality, the overwhelming grief! Oh, best and generous friend—she was so good a mother!"

I shall not return to La Toma, for life there has lost its every charm for me. Once, that tropical region of flowery beauty was to me earth's Eden, its sea-washed coast my land of promise, and the beautiful landscape surrounding *Castiglio del mar* my heart's boundaries; that mansion itself, as it gleamed, white and elevated in the distance, a holy temple enshrining my soul's best worship. But now, all is past. I shall never again behold its tropical glories; I shall remain in this, my native country, land of the snow and the wintry storm. I have heard of Miss Golden's engagement. May Heaven shower its choicest blessings upon her head! May she be guarded from all life's evils! Surely, such a nature as hers can reform even the vilest, the most depraved of human beings; who can gaze upon her angel countenance, irradiated as it is, with the light of truth and intellect, and not feel the restraining power of goodness and virtue? Who can gaze into her soul-expressive eyes, nor feel a deeper yearning, a higher love for all things true and beautiful, a yet deeper abhorrence of vice and wrong? Tell her, my friend and benefactress, that Frank Wylie blesses her, and daily prays for her welfare; that is now my only remaining earthly consolation!"

Please present my sincere regards to Mrs. Greyson, and have the goodness to remember me to the kind-hearted Nelly. As regards my business prospects, Mr. Golding will inform you of them. Knowing your beautiful delicacy of feeling, I dare not return the money you so generously bestowed upon me, for my dear mother's sake. As regards pecuniary matters, I am fully relieved of the crushing weight of inadequate means, thanks to the liberality of my mother's sister, who but recently returned to

this, her native city, has amply provided for my wants. Had she returned sooner, or had we known of her whereabouts, my beloved one would never have so suffered. But it is a long story, and my heart is too sorrowful to relate it. If, to the many favors already received at your hands, you would add one more—that of a few lines in reply to this, assuring me of your own and Miss Eva's continued health and welfare, thus giving another proof of your unflinching goodness and generosity, and the only possible consolation to the more than bereaved heart of the grateful

FRANK WYLIE.

"So," said Mr. Golding, as he deliberately folded up the letter which he had read aloud, and with marked emphasis, "I presume the young man thinks this a masterpiece of composition? A foolish, miserable, nonsensical rhapsody! And such trash brings the tears to your eyes, Mrs. Golding! I really thought you were possessed of better sense and more penetration. That sickly, sentimental fool thought to gain Eva's affections, with a view to her dowry, of course! As he is next to a beggar, and thinks to throw off his disappointment, he writes you all that pack of sentimental stuff, and boasts of his aunt, who may be an old apple-woman, for aught we know. Pooh! pooh! Mrs. Golding, throw that letter out of the window, and mind your tear it first, so that nobody may pick it up and read it. The young man is altogether too presumptuous and familiar. I am glad that he intends to remain in New York, for with what I know now, he should never enter my employ again. I see, too, that my mother was right in her conclusions, as she always is. What does your correspondent mean by *generous benefactress* and *added favors*, and all such high-flown expressions? I wish you would enlighten me, Mrs. Golding. I believe myself the young fellow's benefactor, as I took him into my warehouse, gave him a good salary, and often helped him with money. Does he allude to his return of the money given at your intercession? But that he has returned to me. Have you bestowed any private charity upon him?"

"I gave him a small sum the day before I made my request to you, as he was in great distress on his mother's account. I gave it out of the money you allow me for my quarterly expenditures." The voice of Agnes trembled, and her cheeks were very pale, for her husband's countenance was ominous and lowering; his sarcastic manner sent deep pangs across her heart.

"And pray, since when do you dispose of money without my previous permission? Had I known that you had bestowed your charity in that quarter, I should have saved my share," said Mr. Golding, with increasing anger.

Mean and uncharitable! falsely accusing, trampling under foot the sacred sorrows of humanity, the private woes of orphanhood, disclaiming the saving tenderness of a woman's beneficent hand! Oh, pale and suffering Agnes, is this the idol to whom thy pure heart gave its fullest worship? Weep, weep on! let angel tears purify thy immortal spirit from the earthly taint of close communion with that sor-did, worldly soul!

"You expressed your willingness," replied Agnes, her tear-filled eyes seeking the ground, "when you first gave me money for my own use, that I should do as I pleased with it—and"

"So I did," interrupted her husband; "but I did not mean that you were to throw away such sums upon every beggar that addressed you, without previously consulting me."

"Oh, Maurice! you are harsh to-day; indeed, I have not deserved your rebukes. How can you call Frank Wylie a beggar, endowed as he is with such a superior mind, such a pure and grateful heart! Oh, my dearest husband! I know the time you showered praises upon every act of mine; when you said that my feelings of benevolence beautified my countenance and endeared me to your heart. You are loving and affectionate at times; then, again, moody and irritable. Oh, Maurice! do you no longer love me?"—and Agnes looked imploringly into his face, large tear-drops quivering within her tender eyes.

"I do not wish to hear the praises of Frank Wylie so loudly sounded by you. When I say he is a beggar, I wish for no contradiction. I have seen more of the world than you have, and know something of the intrigues of adventurers, and penniless fortune-hunters. I forbid you to write to this Frank Wylie; not a word in answer to that presumptuous and lackadaisical letter of his. No reply, as you value my affection, and dread my displeasure! My wife in correspondence with my clerk, giving him love messages to my daughter, when she is on the point of being married! My mother would be perfectly shocked! I had a better opinion of your principles, Mrs. Golding."

A deep, indignant blush, mantled to the very brow of Agnes, as she replied:

"You are, indeed, cruel and unjust! My principles have never yet been doubted by man or woman; you are the first one to impute a doubt to me. I know my duty, and God willing, shall always fulfill it, though my heart break in the effort! Though your affections are estranged from me, it is my place to yield submission. But will you not write a few lines to Frank Wylie, giving him the information he desires from me?"

"No, madam! I will not! My daughter's name shall not come into the possession of that young scoundrel. As for my affections being estranged, if there is any difference in my feelings towards you, you have yourself to blame. Tell me how, tell me in what have I offended you! Why give me a reason!" cried Agnes, eagerly,

with clasped hands, looking beseechingly into his darkened face.

"You are wanting in hospitality, in friendliness to your guests, Mrs. Golding. Your marked, cold, and distant manner, has deeply wounded the feelings of Donna Isabella, and even her brother cannot calmly brook your supercilious demeanor; your dislike is too apparent, and I have repeatedly cautioned you against manifesting it; a loving wife, would have controlled her feelings in obedience to her husband's wishes. Then, you treat my aged mother with disrespect. You never have brought in for luncheon those things she likes best, and you have only those fruits and other dishes put upon the table that you like; I know it all! You have even wiled away, for your own service and accommodation, my mother's waiting woman. You speak disrespectfully of a woman you should venerate, to the servants; my mother has been accustomed to unlimited respect and obedience; she can ill brook such conduct from you! I love and esteem my mother, and whoever is wanting in respect to her, must be lacking in affection for me. I have now told you all you desire to know, Mrs. Golding, and I leave you to reflect, and in time to reform."

"Stay!" cried Agnes, as he moved towards the door; all traces of color had departed from her cheeks, but her head was proudly raised, her attitude erect; a noble courage sat enthroned upon her brow; the timid, gentle woman, was becoming transformed to the energetic defender of her rights. Her voice trembled not as she replied, but bore an impress of lofty truthfulness, the heart's spoken utterance of conscious innocence. "You will allow me to reply to these accusations; you cannot refuse to listen to me; to the lowest criminal is given the right of defence. I am alone, in a strange country; I have no father, no brother, no relatives to shield me from calumny and detraction; but in the face of Heaven, I declare to you, that never have I manifested haughtiness or a marked dislike towards Don Felix or his sister. I have endeavored to comply with the duties of hospitality; greet them as friends, I could not, for my heart repels them; there is a feeling there that I cannot define, but it bespeaks them false and treacherous. You may scorn my husband, but I dare even brave your anger, when the truth must be told. Heaven grant that my forebodings be all in vain! None can pray more fervently for Eva's happiness than the step-mother she has been brought to hate."

"Stop, madam! I command you! You are unjust and harsh. Your inveterate and unaccountable dislike of the Riveros must have some hidden cause. I begin to believe in my mother's surmises—Eva brought to hate you?—by whom? Would you imply that my honored mother would stoop to inculcate hatred in a young girl's breast? Your continued opposition to Eva's union with the man she loves, your coldness and avoidance of her, have estranged her; you have yourself to thank, if Eva hates you; don't blame any one else."

"I have not merited this, my God!" cried Agnes, raising her now tear-filled eyes to Heaven. "Oh, Thou! all-conscious as Thou art, of my innocence and purity of motive, strengthen Thou my breaking heart! Father of the forsaken! give me consolation, in this mine hour of need!" and with a passionate outburst of sorrow, Agnes threw herself upon her knees, and raised her clasped hands in fervent supplication.

"Come, come, Agnes, don't make a scene," said Mr. Golding, who was slightly moved. "You have provoked all this by your questioning, and that infernal young scamp's letter. Let us have no more of this, for pity's sake! the house is getting too hot to hold me."

"One moment, Maurice," said Agnes, rising to her feet, and confronting her husband with earnest look and impressive gesture. "You have accused me of falling in due respect to your mother; as God is my witness," and her hand was solemnly upraised, her streaming eyes upturned to the sunny heavens, whose tropical beauty was visible from the uncurtained window, "I have never, by word, or thought, or action, wronged your mother! Never have I failed, in fulfilling to the best of my abilities, any expressed wish of hers. Never have I countermanded the servants, never spoken one disrespectful word of your mother. Nelly has voluntarily attached herself to me, your mother dispenses with her services altogether, since she has found so much pleasure in Miss Gilman's company. Alita now waits upon her in place of Nelly. Question her, Maurice, and then convince yourself that I am not in fault. Your mother exercises unlimited authority in the household; have I ever complained of it? even when the servants have refused to fulfill my bidding, telling me, that the old Senora had threatened them with dismissal if they refused compliance to her orders in opposition to mine. Have I poured murmurs into your ears, when your mother has taken absolute charge of my horse, sending Pancho to town, on Miss Gilman's errands, and refusing me the privilege of my accustomed ride? When, the other day, I requested Pancho to go to town for me to obtain some music I had left at the book-store, he sarcastically informed me, that he must first ask the old Senora's permission, as she was Mistress of *Castiglio del mar*; and when I humbled myself to obtain her permission, it was coldly, scornfully refused. I have suffered much, and patiently, Maurice, but I am human, and there are bounds to endurance. I have been silent too long. I have been taunted and humiliated by allusions to my past poverty; to my present unmerited elevation, as they styled it, by strangers—I insulted in this very house, you told me

to consider my own. I have been called a stranger and an interloper in presence of your daughter, until my once joyous heart has grown chilled and desponding, till the roses of my cheek have paled; my step has grown laggard, and my soul is the abode of wretchedness! Maurice, you have listened to my false accusers; you will not again believe them? You will trust the wife of your bosom, you will reinstate me in your affections; you will claim for me, the place that is mine, by right of lawful privilege? You will disabuse your mother, of her prejudices against me? My heart is yearning with love toward you all! Oh, Maurice! by the love you once vowed, promise me its return! I cannot live much longer in this state of uncertain wretchedness!" and again Agnes gave way to a passionate burst of sorrow.

"Come, come, wife! don't give way so. Forgive me, if I have spoken hastily; don't, don't go on so, you will make yourself ill. I will talk over the whole matter with mother, and see whether I cannot reinstate the peace of this household. Come, love; wash your eyes, and arrange your hair. The bell will soon be ringing, and I would not for worlds, that mother should see you thus. Then, there's that inquisitive, queer looking, bean-stalk of a woman, Miss Gilman; well, old age has queer fancies," said Mr. Golding, with an attempt at renewed good humor, as he gently stroked his wife's glossy hair, while she endeavored to remove all traces of agitation from her countenance. When she entered the dining-room, leaning on her husband's arm, her face, although pale, had resumed its serenity; there was a sweet, reassured smile upon her lips, and although she could not entirely obliterate the traces of her recent tears, her eyes shone with a renewed lustre, with love's conscious power. Her mother-in-law regarded her with a long and searching glance, then scanned her son's face, on which she read renewed tenderness and awakened pity for the suffering wife; her foot touched Miss Gilman under the table; Celestina's "ferret eyes" followed the direction indicated by her patroness's glance. She looked long and inquisitively at Mrs. Golding, but made no attempts at conversation, beyond saluting that lady with fawning politeness. As Mr. Golding rose from his chair, bidding his mother adieu, and kissing his wife, the old lady and Miss Gilman exchanged meaning glances. Agnes retired to her room; Miss Celestina and her patroness to the shady bath-house, where both held a long and secret conference. Eva was absent on a visit to Donna Isabella Rivero.

Frank Wylie's letter had been abstractedly thrown out of the window by Mr. Golding, but he had not fulfilled his threat of tearing it. It was very much rampled, but entire. The "ferret eyes" of Miss Gilman espied it lying upon the grass; with an exclamation of wonder and surprise she perused its contents; then with eyes sparkling with malicious triumph hastened to her fellow-plotter.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Thy deceit
Gives us clearly to comprehend,
Whither tend
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
They are cheats
Thou knowest, and flowers above.
Ah! Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!"

LONGELLOW.

In her elegantly furnished chamber, Donna Isabella Rivero sat in deep thought, with anxious brow and abstracted mien. She was continually embarrassed by the extravagant inroads of her brother upon her moderate means; and the thought of the future often raised her direct apprehensions, vain and frivolous as she was. But to keep up appearances, and to outvie their neighbors in extravagant display, was the life-aim of brother and sister. Their most cherished hope for the present was to retrieve their shattered fortunes, by a timely application of the golden balm, which Eva's hand was to bestow. Felix Rivero, while pretending the utmost disinterestedness, yet prevailed on Mr. Golding to name a sum, as Eva's dowry. "Though a subtle plotter, and always a successful persuader, he met with his equal in Mr. Golding; clearly those dark grey eyes read the mercenary motives of his soul; but the unloving father paused not. There were dark secrets hidden in his breast; unrevealed plans, that led him to leave uncared for his child's future prospects; he must retrieve his failing fortunes, no matter at what cost. So, graciously responding to the young man's delicate insinuations, Mr. Golding named a sum that dazzled the suitor's eyes, as his daughter's marriage portion. Poor Eva! thou didst not dream that the impressive tenderness of thy loved one's manner, the worshiping looks he bestowed upon thee, the beautiful present of a costly fan, inlaid with pearls, was all owing to thy promised gold. And while she deems him planning for their future happiness, he passes the hours not consecrated to her, in low pursuits; in those vile haunts where no pure woman's name should be uttered, even to the listening walls; where the sacred name of love is desecrated, and the true heart's worship disavowed by the sensualist's drunken laugh.

The crimson curtains that separated Donna Isabella's sleeping room from the reception hall, were put aside by an impatient hand, and with yet unsteady steps, and haggard looks, her cherished brother entered. The fire of his fine dark eye clouded by the yet overhanging mists of intemperance.

"Well, Isabella," he yawned, lazily stretching himself upon a sofa of yellow damask, "I feel wretchedly tired and sleepy!"

"No wonder," responded his sister, without the least show of displeasure or rebuke, "when you lead such a life. Will you have some chocolate, dear?"

followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an Orthodox desecration. It was well done—theatrically done; and poor Harry sprang bolt upright—surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of triumphant laughter.

"You little witch—you mischief—you spirit of evil!" exclaimed the relieved Harry, as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a gripe that made her scream. "You deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then lowering his voice, he added gravely, "Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me, can you not be generous enough to tell me so?—and if you do not, am I not, at least, worthy of a candid refusal?"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature, and made her lover's heart bound with rapture for the whole depths of her being were stirred, and drawn towards him, as they never before had been to any man. But she could not quite give up her rallery then. She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand in his, and told him he was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue, and flinging off his grasp with a mocking gesture and a ringing laugh, danced across the room to the piano.

She seated herself, she ran her fingers gracefully over the white keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song, that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and choking back the indignant words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length, as she paused from sheer exhaustion. "Is it generous—is it just, to trifle with me so?—to turn into ridicule the emotions of a heart that offers you its most reverent affections? I have loved you, because under this volatile, surface-character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity, purity of soul, and a warm current of tender, womanly feeling, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was fortunate enough to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat my suit so scornfully, you are less than the noble woman that I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry ceased speaking. Ah! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands, as though it were but dross, and staking it all upon an idle caprice?

When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquettish smile wreathed her red lips.

"Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie, "there's Helen Myrie, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attentions to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our dowries would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

"Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her—the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashing in a fierce torrent over his face—his arms crossed tightly upon his breast, as if to keep his heart from bursting with its uprising indignation—his lips compressed, and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You added one drop too much to your cup of sarcasm. You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than you would have dared, had you known his proud, sensitive nature."

Not till he was gone—gone without a single word of expostulation, leaving only a grave "good bye," and the memory of his pale face to plead for him—did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization of what she had done. Then a quick, terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl on her brown head to have had him beside her one short moment longer.

"Pshaw! what am I afraid of? He will be back again within twenty-four hours, as impetuous as ever," she muttered to herself, as the street door closed after him; yet a sigh, that was half a sob, followed the words, and could Harry have seen the beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went down the long street, or the bright face that leaned away out through the parted blinds, with such a wistful look, after he had disappeared, it might have been his turn to triumph.

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty-four hours did not bring back Harry. Days matured into weeks, and still he did not come, nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr, and to act accordingly. In fact, she did as almost any heroine would have done under the circumstances—grew pale and interesting. Mamma began to suggest delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate; the poor, dear child was getting so thin! In vain Sophie protested that she had no appetite. In vain papa brought dainty gifts and piled up costly dresses before his pet. A faint smile, or an abstracted "thank you," was his only recompense. If Sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any manner connected with her altered demeanor, Sophie would toss her ringletted head with an air of supreme indifference, and go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Everybody thought something was the matter with Sophie, Sophie amongst the rest.

Her suspense and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister Kate, who had come so near the true solution of the mystery, should know all—so said Sophie. Perhaps she should advise her what to do, for, to give Harry up forever, seemed every day more and more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice, of her sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry. "I have something of importance to tell you."

"Go away, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden-path, as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and flinging herself down on the low seat, buried her head among the cool, green vines, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and then a pair of arms were twined tenderly around her waist, and a warm hand laid caressingly on her drooped head.

"Oh, Kate, Kate!" she cried, in the agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched. You don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Harry and I—"

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle, soothing motion.

"Harry and I"—another sob—"quarrelled two or three weeks ago. I was willful and rude, just as it is natural for me to be, and he grew angry."

don't think he is going to forgive me, for he hasn't been here since."

Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sure Sister Kate pitied her.

"I wouldn't have owned it to anybody, if it hadn't been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hands into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as well as I do you, and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still she kept her face hidden in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife," she continued—"asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a manly way, that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead, instead of him. I could not bear that, and so answered him just as I should not. He thought it was because he was poor and I was rich, and all the time I was thinking I would rather live in a cottage with him, than in the grandest place that ever was with any other man, only I was too proud to tell him so to his face. What can I do? Tell me, Kate—you are so much better than I am, and never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you don't!" And poor Sophie wept anew.

"Look up, dear, and I will tell you."

Sophie did look up, with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream, leaped from the arms of—not Sister Kate, but Harry Ainslee!

"H-how came you here, and whom have I been talking with?" she stammered, hysterically, through her blushes and tears.

"You have been talking to me, and I came here at your sister's suggestion," was the answer, accompanied by a quiet smile. "To tell you the truth, dear Sophie, Kate has been in the secret longer than you imagine, for I made her my confidante the very day following our estrangement. I met her accidentally, and she rallied me upon my dejected looks. In the freshness of my disappointment, stung by her careless remarks, I spoke bitter words to her. I was ashamed of them the moment they were uttered, as I met her grieved, wondering look; and, having no other apology to offer, told her the whole truth. Knowing your heart, it seems, better than I did, she bade me wait, and hope for the best. It was in obedience to her command that I have avoided you so long, and it has been the most exquisite torture for me to do so, since I learned, through her, that you really regretted my absence. Last night, at Mrs. Evans's party, she gave me leave to call to-day. I met her in the hall a few minutes ago, and she directed me hither in search of you. You know the rest, and let me add, your confession has made me very happy."

Sophie declares, to this day, that she has never forgiven either of them, though she has been Mrs. Henry Ainslee nearly two years.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

BY CORA WILBURN.

The atmosphere of freedom glows 'round;
The hymns of grateful memory arise,
And patriotic symphonies resound,
Beneath the fragrance-breathing summer skies.
Ring, joy-bells, ring! unchecked sweet childhood's mirth—
Proclaim the advent of the glorious Fourth!

The master minds of the eventful days
"That tried men's souls"—they lead us from above,
With freedom's watchword, inspiration's lays,
And starry banners, to the realms of love
And peace: with words of stirring power
Uplift earth's million's o'er the present hour.

Ring, joy-bells, ring! soul-stirring prayer arise!
Float proudly, banner of the brave and free!
Gaze upward, yearning heart, love-seeking eyes;
Soul, guard the sacred boon of liberty!
Rise from the sleep of ages, fair green earth—
Triumphant strains proclaim the glorious Fourth!

Fall bigot chains, and prison gates unclose
At heaven's high call. Ye mockeries that gild
Life's agony with semblance gay, that throw
O'er suffering hearts deception's changing shield—
Flee from earth's homes! and despot power no more
Assert its sway, on Freedom's heaven-blessed shore.

Once, in the by-gone, consecrated days
Of lofty enterprise and honest aim,
The patriot bosoms kindled 'neath the rays
Of freedom's glory, with a living flame,
In the defence of human right and worth
Guarded the feeble, and the home-lit hearth.

The sacred fires still undiminished glow
In hero-bosoms; still the watchword rings:
And listening millions to its love-call bow
Thought, mighty conqueror, on its spirit wings,
Uplifts the crushed, the yearning souls of earth,
With new-born hope, that hails the glorious Fourth.

The declaration of our freedom docks:
The spirit-halls of the celestial home;
The starry banner floats above the wrecks
Of earth's idolatries; the heavenly dome
Is vocal with thanksgiving hymns, that rend
Its azure depths, and with its glory blend.

The spirit-flag of freedom is unfurled,
It waves above the homes, the hearts of all;
The might of truth at error's form is hurled,
And holy voices, from degrading thrall
Call lovingly men's souls; proclaim to earth
The spirit's freedom on the glorious Fourth.

PHILADELPHIA, July 4th, 1857.

NEW VIEWS OF NAPOLEON.

Marshal Marmont in his Memoirs just published, gives accounts and views of the Emperor, differing materially from those of most biographers. Of the personal habits of Napoleon he says:

"It has been said that Napoleon slept little. This is entirely incorrect. On the contrary, he slept much, and had, moreover, a great need of sleep, as is the case with all nervous persons whose minds are very active. I have seen him pass from ten to eleven hours in his bed. But if it became necessary to remain awake he was well able to support this condition, and to make up for it afterwards, or he took, in advance, the repose required to undergo foreseen labors. Finally, he had the precious faculty of sleeping at will."

In the sixth volume, after an elaborate examination of the character of Napoleon, the author presents us with two views of the Emperor at different periods of his life.

"There were," he says, "two men in him, whether we regard him physically or morally."

The first, thin, sober, of prodigious activity, insensible to privations, counting comfort and sensual pleasures as nothing; occupied only with the success of his enterprises, foreseeing and prudent, except in moments when passion carried him away; skillful in trusting to chance, but taking from it all that prudence permitted him to foresee; resolute, and tenacious in his resolutions, judging well of men and of the moral, which plays so great a part in war; good, just, susceptible of true affection, and generous to his enemies.

The second, fat and heavy, and intent on his ease, ever making a great affair of it, careless, and fearing fatigue; close to everything, indifferent to every-

thing, believing the truth only when in accord with his passions; his interests, or his caprices; having a Satanic pride, and a great contempt for mankind; counting for nothing the interests of humanity; neglecting in conduct of war the simplest rules of prudence; relying on his fortune, on his star, that is to say, a protection all divine; his sensibility blunted, not indeed rendering him malignant, but his goodness was no longer active—it was entirely passive. His mind was always the same—the most vast, the most extensive, the most profound, the most productive that ever existed; but he showed no more will, no more resolution, and a mobility resembling feebleness.

The Napoleon whom I first describe, shone in his brilliancy until Tilsit. This was the Apogee of his grandeur, and the epoch of his greatest lustre. The other Napoleon succeeded the first, and the complement of the aberrations of his pride was his marriage with Maria Louisa.

The Star of Love.

There is a moment in every man's existence on which turns his future destiny. There are many such moments; for oftentimes life hangs on a thread, and if the thread is not cut, it requires but a touch to change the whole direction of the future. But in every man's life there is at least one, and in that of young Houssein it occurred thus:—

It was not often in those days that travellers crossed the great desert. Few Europeans came to Egypt, and fewer still went to Sinai. But there was a time when Houssein was called to Cairo to meet a noble party of western travelers, a gentleman and two ladies, who were making a pilgrimage to Sinai and the Holy Land, and who wished his protection in crossing the desert. He saw but the gentleman, and readily engaged to perform the desired service.

It was not till the party had left the Birket-el-Haj that he met them, where they were encamped, by moonlight, on the sand that stretches away to Suez. As he sprang from his mare, before the tent-door, he was startled by such a vision as he had never seen before, but thought he had dreamed of in his waking dreams.

She was slight, fair, and in the moonlight, pale as a creature of dreams. Was this one of the hours of his fabled paradise? No; he rejected the thought, if, it rose. There was no spot in all the Heaven of Mohammed fit for an angel like this. Away, like the sand on the whirlwind, like the clouds before the sun, like the stars at daybreak—away swept all his faith in Islam, and in an instant the Sheikh Houssein was an idolator, worshipping, as a thousand greater than he have done, the beauty of a woman. Perhaps he might have quenced his thirst for the unknown at some other fountain; but this was enough now. He had found that wherewith to fill the void, and he was content.

Love was a new emotion—a sensation he had never before experienced—and it satisfied him. Did she love him? That was a question which never occurred to him. What did he care for that. He was not seeking to be loved. He was looking for employment for his own soul, and he had found it; and that was enough.

The tradition goes to describe his long crossing of the desert—how he lingered among the hills of Sinai; how he had led them, by Akaba and Petra, and detained them many weeks in the city of Rock; how the fair English girl faded slowly away, for she was dying when she came to Egypt; and how, weary, well nigh dead, he carried her to the Holy City, and pitched their tents by the mountain of the Ascension. And all this time he watched over her with the zealous care of a father or a brother, and the quick heart of the lady saw it and understood it all. And sometimes he would try, in broken words, to tell her of his old belief and his ideas of immortality, and she would read in his hearing sublime promises and glorious hopes that were in a language he knew nothing of, but which he half understood from her uplifted eye and countenance.

How he worshipped that matchless eye! He worshipped nothing else, on earth or in heaven.

It was noon of night under the walls of Jerusalem; and in a white tent close by the hill on which the last footsteps of the ascending Lord left their hallowing touch, an English girl was waiting his bidding to follow him.

Outside the tent, prone on the ground, with eyes fixed on the everlasting stars, lay a group of Bedouins, and apart from them a little way, their chief, silent, motionless—to all that was earthly, dead. A low voice within the tent broke the stillness of the night, but he did not move. A voice was uttering again those words, of which the sound had become familiar to him already—the Christian's prayer.

"Sheik Houssein!"

He sprang to his feet. It was her voice, faint, low, but silvery. The tent-door was thrust aside, and as a hand motioned to him to enter, he obeyed.

She lay on the cushions, her head lifted somewhat from the pillow by the arms of her sister; her brother, who spoke the language of the desert well, stood by her as the young sheik approached. His coffee was gathered around his head; only his dark eye, flashing gloriously, was visible. She looked up into it and whispered; he half understood her before the words came through her brother's lips, as she told him the story of Calvary and Christ, and the cloud that received the King and Saviour returning to his throne.

It were vain to say he understood all this. He only knew that she was telling him of her hope ere long to be above him, above the world, above the sky; and his active but bewildered mind inwrought all this with his ancient traditions, and having long ago rejected the creed that did not teach him that she was immortal, as he fell back on the idea that the immortals had somewhat to do with the stars; and as he lay down on the ground, close by the side of the tent, listening for every sound from within, he fixed his eyes on the zenith, and watched the passing of the hosts of the night, until she died. There was a rustling of garments, a voice of inexpressible sweetness suddenly silent, a low, soft sigh, the expiration of a saint; and at that instant, far in the depths of the meridian blue, a clear star flashed on his eye, for the first time, its silver radiance, and he believed that she was there.

For three-score years after that, there was on the desert, near that group of palm trees and lonely spring, a small turret built of stones, brought a long distance, stone by stone, on camels. And in this hut, or on its summit, lived a good, wise man, beloved of all the tribes, and especially followed by his own immediate tribe, who, with him, rejected

Mohammed, and worshipped an unknown God, through the medium of the stars, and especially one star, which he had taught them, to reverence above all others.

And at length there came a night when the wind was abroad on the desert, and the voice of the tempest was fierce and terrible. But high over all the sand-hills, and over the whirling storms of sand, sedate, calm, majestic, the immutable stars were looking down on the plain, and the old man on his tower beheld them, and went forth on the wind to search their infinite distances.

That night, saith the tradition, another star flashed out of heaven beside the star that the Arabs worshipped, and the Sheik Houssein was young again in the heaven of his beloved.

Let us leave him to the mercy of the tradition, nor seek to know whether he reached that blessed abode.

NOBODY'S SONG.

Swift never wrote anything better in verse than the following lines, from an unknown correspondent:—

I'm thinking just now of Nobody,
And all that Nobody's done,
For I've a passion for Nobody,
That Nobody else would own;
I bear the name of Nobody,
From Nobody I sprung;
And I sing the praise of Nobody,
As Nobody, mild as sung.

In life's young morning Nobody
To me was tender and dear;
And my cradle rocked by Nobody,
And Nobody was ever near;
I was petted and praised by Nobody,
And Nobody brought me up;
And when I was hungry, Nobody
Gave me to dine or to sup.

I went to school to Nobody,
And Nobody taught me to read;
I played in the street with Nobody,
And to Nobody ever gave heed;
I recounted my tale to Nobody,
For Nobody was willing to hear;
And my heart I clung to Nobody,
And Nobody shed a tear.

And when I grew older, Nobody
Gave me a helping turn;
And by the good aid of Nobody
I began my living to earn;
And hence I courted Nobody,
And said Nobody's I'd be,
And asked to marry Nobody,
And Nobody married me.

Thus I trudged along with Nobody,
And Nobody cheers my life,
And I have a love for Nobody,
Which Nobody has for his wife.
So here's a health to Nobody,
For "Nobody's now in town,"
And I've a passion for Nobody,
That Nobody else would own.

TWO WAYS OF MANAGING A HUSBAND.

Few things are more common in domestic life than for the husband and wife to strive for the mastery; and thus human beings who ought to assist each other, and dwell together in affection, frequently pass a life of discord in rendering each other unhappy. The husband who is not greatly influenced by a prudent and affectionate helpmate is unworthy of her, and the wife who so far forgets herself as to try to rule her husband, will not increase her happiness by usurping his authority. The husband, when he is aware that his wife has more prudence, judgment, and talent than himself, does well to avail himself of them by leaving to her the management of affairs requiring the exercise of these qualities. It is a purely selfish motive that actuates either husband or wife to rule each other, and yet this motive, unworthy as it is, exerts its baneful influence in ten thousand times ten thousand hearts.

Mr. Conner was a well-meaning man, of very little energy of character, and was completely under the control of his wife. Mrs. Conner was continually boasting no man should rule her, that she took care to let her husband see that she had spirit, and that she could make him do what she liked at any time. Poor Mr. Conner submitted to this thralldom very patiently, rather than contend with her; for when he did try to contend with her, she got into such a dreadful passion that she actually terrified him half out of his senses, and he trembled like one in the ague; to secure his own peace, therefore, he consented to her ruling him, and rule him she did in everything.

Mr. Cooper, a neighbor, was fond of laughing at Mr. Conner's weakness.

"Would I," he often said, "be such a poor, spiritless being as to be ruled by my wife? No, never! Poor Conner dares not say that the sun shines, without asking leave of his wife; but my wife knows pretty well that my will must be obeyed."

Now this very positive, overbearing disposition on Mr. Cooper's part enabled his wife to manage him easily. If she wanted to stay at home, she proposed to go out, when he immediately determined not to stir a foot out of doors, to show he was master; if she really wished for a walk, she had only to request him to allow her to finish what she was engaged in within doors, and he would put on his hat, and in a dictatorial manner tell her to put on her bonnet.

Mrs. Conner and Mrs. Cooper once agreed to have a day's pleasure; it was therefore settled between them that their husbands should take them to a place of popular resort, about twelve miles distant. It was only necessary for Mrs. Conner to express her intention in a determined way, when her husband, to avoid a quarrel, agreed directly to drive her over. Mrs. Cooper, however, went another way to work. She was determined to go, and commenced to her husband as follows:—

"Would you believe," said she, "that our neighbors, the Connors, are silly enough to spend a whole day in a visit to Boxhill? they mean to go to-morrow."

Says Mr. Cooper—"I do not know there is anything so silly in it; if I felt disposed to go there or anywhere else I would go."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Cooper, "you might go, but you would not be so unreasonable as to take me there against my will."

"Against your will, indeed!" said Mr. Cooper; "a wife ought to have no will but that of her husband; if I thought proper for you to go, you should go."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Cooper, "you have had your own way too much; if I were determined not to go, you would find some trouble in persuading me."

"Trouble in persuading you," said Mr. Cooper; "then I am resolved to go, and you shall go, too. I will have my way, Mrs. Cooper, and no wife in the world shall control me; so to-morrow morning pre-

pare to go to Boxhill, for whether you will or not, there shall you go."

"Mr. Cooper," said his wife, "I know when you take a thing into your head, you will have your own way; I never yet met with so determined a man."

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS IN THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF MRS. W. R. HAYDEN TO ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND; WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HER EARLY EXPERIENCE AS A MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN AMERICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM B. HAYDEN.

Chapter IX.—Continued.

On his second visit, Mrs. Hayden related to him, in the course of conversation, how at times the spirits would write through the passive hand of the medium, without any volition on her part. At this revelation, he appeared to manifest great surprise, and Mrs. Hayden requested him to take a pencil and sit passively for a few moments, and possibly the spirits might write through him. In order to humor her and to lead her to think he was the more completely her dupe, he did as desired, and in less than ten minutes, to his great dismay and astonishment, his hand was firmly grasped, and commenced to write, in a legible and strange hand, revealing to him the names of persons who at the time he did not know. At the third seance he brought his wife; but her skepticism was so great that she could obtain no manifestations. She came a second time, and met with better success; an angel mother whispered her presence, and the gentle, loving heart of the child was melted in tenderness and joy, for that mother recalled the long forgotten past.

Having at length closed his investigations for the time, he carefully prepared the result of his labors in a well digested article, and calling on the Doctor, made known to him the conclusions to which he had been forced to arrive by the evidence which had been presented, and for his trouble he was generously rewarded by the following professional advice:—

"Go home and take a little cooling medicine, and you will feel better in the morning."

Thus it will be seen that the Doctor was fully determined to be a skeptic, although we entertain a strong hope for him, for already he has acknowledged the truth of "Table Turnings." Therefore we may reasonably look for his conversion to the "Rappings," and to a full belief in the reality of a spiritual existence.

One good effect arising from the article in the "Spirit World," was that it brought the Doctor out in a second scurrilous attack upon me in the July number of the "Zest," but in the latter instance over his own signature, which was what we most desired, that the world hereafter might know the author of so discreditable a production.

Oh, Doctor, Doctor! that you, the learned and the wise, should cry Humbug and Imposition, after vainly endeavoring to force the British public to swallow something more than "bottomless fancies" in that most stupendous of all humbugs—"THE OAKES."

CHAPTER X.

A German Seance.—Coming events cast their shadows before.—A Hundred and Sixteen.

On Monday evening, February 21st, Mrs. Hayden received a call to give a seance in Sussex Place, Regent Park, at the residence of a very respectable German family. At this circle a German gentleman who was present, wrote out a tolerably correct account of the manifestations which took place, and furnished the same for the columns of the Leader newspaper, which is one of the most radical, infidel papers published in London. It is conducted by Thornton Hunt, (a son of Leigh Hunt), G. W. Lewes, and others of like stamp. The annexed is the article referred to in the Leader.

"Mr. Editor.—When I proposed to you a report on these new prophets, who, if as true as they are new, open to us a wide and most interesting field for inquiry, overthrow ancient and modern systems of science and belief, shake to the very foundation revealed religion and Christianity, but on the other hand, are telling almost equally strong against Pantheism and Atheism, I had not seen these prophets, expounders, mediums, or whatever you may call them, myself; but what I heard from a friend, a clear-sighted, well-informed, by no means 'gullible,' or over-credulous gentleman, who had paid them a visit, had made me anxious to see and judge for myself; and he having determined, for better satisfaction, to have the medium (and her spirits) at his own house, and having kindly invited me to be present on the occasion, I offered to furnish you with a statement of the result of the evening, which I now, agreeably to your wish, lay before you."

We were five of us in the library—my friend, his wife, his sister, his nephew, and myself—when the footman handed in a card, announcing Mrs. Hayden. Her entrance and deportment were easy, unobtrusive, and yet not business-like; her exterior rather prepossessing; an intelligent countenance, with, perhaps, a slight touch of Yankeeism in the corner of the eye; and the conversation soon being established, showed that she did not lack those powers of speech so peculiar to the citizens of the great Republic.

We took our seats around the table on which the card had been placed. I read, "Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hayden, 22 Queen Anne street, Cavendish square."

Expectation created silence, now and then broken by questions in a low voice, addressed to the medium, and by the wheels of carriages that brought guests to an evening party at a neighboring house, and thus made the otherwise very quiet street rather noisy. The raps which the medium and one or two of us, after we had been seated for about ten minutes, had thought to hear, were drowned by noise without. It became necessary to move over into the dining room, and look out upon the quiet and undisturbed regions of the park. I left the library with regret from the shelves of which such numbers of mighty spirits in folio and in venerable vellum and hogskin were looking down upon us.

We had not to wait many minutes, when the raps commenced; and the spirits having thus manifested their presence, one of the ladies took a card, on which were printed, in three rows, the letters of the alphabet, and in the first row the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. Rap, tap, tap, was the answer when we saw her absorbed in thought of a deceased friend; and this meaning that he or she was ready to converse, the lady's hand passed with a pencil over the said card, pausing, in equal intervals, about one second at each letter, and beginning with A again, as soon as the rap-tap-tap had told her, on arriving at any of the letters, that it was the right one, and to be noted down. As the names of the spirits with whom you wish to commune, and the questions you address to them are only thought, not spoken, (if you prefer, as the lady did,) we, of course, had no notion of the purport of the conversation, and I verily believe and am convinced the medium had as little as we. The raps ceased, the paper was handed round, the lady told us she had conversed with a deceased friend, the spelling of whose name she had desired, and there it was, correctly spelt, a German name.

was of Central America. His "star"—such as it was—has set. We hope his countrymen everywhere will be led to reflect before they lend themselves to any such enterprises of piracy and robbery again.

REAL HEROISM.

There is a wide difference of opinion on this subject. Some people never think of it, but up rises a picture of a man in military before their eyes, epaulettes, sword, "sugar clothes," and all. It is a favorite popular fancy, that in order for a man to be heroic, he must go into the fighting profession. Probably because people have been educated to the entertainment of such dreary ideas, and know no better than to continue to entertain them, because they did while they were young.

We have come across a passage in the Albany Knickerbocker, that expresses our views very correctly. The Knickerbocker has evidently studied human nature to no little profit. Its observations are as exact and clear as they are original and interesting. It says, with other things:—

The hero-carrier, who supports a family of eight children and two dogs on a dollar a day, and does it willingly, displays more true heroism than is required to effect a conquest on a battle-field. Gen. Bullion will face a battery without blanching. Ask Bullion to face an unpaid creditor four times a week, as Trowel, the bricklayer, does, and Bullion would grow low-spirited, and take to arsenic in a fortnight. The heroism of the battle-field is kept up by the brass drums, clarionets, and praise from the newspapers. Such heroism may, or may not, be a matter of principle; but there is no questioning the courage required in the prosaic duties of life—the bringing up of a family by shedding perspiration at the rate of fifteen cents an hour.

There you have it in black and white—in its real, prosaic, every-day colors. Who would ever have thought of such a thing—as the world goes—as associating heroism with a hero-carrier? and yet it is palpable enough that even a hero-carrier may possess and betray much more of the genuine article than Gen. Bullion, who marches up to the enemy's cannon amid the screams of fife and clarionets, and the stirring roll of rows of drums.

But there are several ways of showing that you possess the heroic quality. Another trial that a man has to undergo very frequently, and from which he too often flinches with more terror than he would from the aim of a musket, is the trial of *ridicule*. How men dread to be ridiculed! They can bear almost anything else; they can lose their property, forfeit their friendships, suffer untold agonies and griefs from other sources; but ridicule wiles them down at the first touch, like sensitive plants. They are as timid as children at the sight of danger. The sines are extracted from their hearts in an instant. They cannot stand up and face down a laugh. Anything in the world but that. Oh! if men and women could only bring themselves up to that pitch of courage where they feared nothing, because they are strong in the consciousness of doing right!

REMARKABLE TEST.

We invite our readers to a perusal of the very striking test which we publish below from a correspondent. It certainly furnishes convincing proof of the truth of manifestations that skeptics are willing to pass by with an idle and thoughtless "pooh-pooh."

MESSRS. EDITORS—Permit me, through the columns of your paper, to relate a remarkable test of the truth of spiritual intercourse. About one year since at a regular organized circle, in the city of Roxbury, of which I am a member, a spirit purporting to be that of Samuel Pierce, Jr., formerly of Dorchester, but now of the spirit world, came through the medium of Mr. R. Gordon. The spirit appeared to be very desirous of identifying himself, and requested that we should go to the Union Lodge of Free Masons in Dorchester, and that we should there find a record of the following, in regard to his accidental death. He told us that he was drowned off Long Island, Oct. 14, 1796; that he was thirty-two years of age at that time; that he was a member of good standing in the Union Lodge; that he was one of the early members of that Lodge, and that E. Worthington was Grand Master. Although one year has elapsed, owing to circumstances beyond our control of testing the truth, we have now within a month had the satisfaction of examining the records of the Union Lodge of Dorchester, and find the record in every particular as was given us by the spirit. These are facts which may be relied upon and testified to by eight other individuals, who were present at the time. None of the circle, excepting two, were living at that time, and none are in the lodge at the present time. JAMES BURGEE.

Roxbury, August, 1867.

HOW THE THING IS TO BE DONE.

Oceans of ink and reams of papers have been expended to reform the social and political condition of man. The only way to effect this object is to "do as you would be done by."

There is where the little secret lies—the whole of it in a nutshell. All the talk and gasconade that has been so energetically put forth by unreflecting preachers of reform, amounts to just nothing, unless it has for its heart and core the sentiment conveyed in what is known as the "golden rule."

It is a mistake to conclude that men are to be made better in masses. You cannot lump them together for any such purpose. All the resolutions that have been passed at all the conventions ever held, are efficient to accomplish of themselves nothing of the kind. We err when we expect to draw strength from others. Our experiences must be entirely our own. To sit in a public place and listen to a relation of another's experience, is not to get an experience that is calculated to do us any good. When we move, we must go alone, or attended only by the angels and the good God who has been our protector from the beginning.

It has been truly said that we hunt far and wide for truth, when it is right in the road before us. We point telescopes, when we had better be accepting such facts as lie directly in our way. Distance lends the same enchantment now that it ever did. We labor to build up intricate and imposing theories—theories respecting morals, and religion, and science, and life—and are chagrined at last to learn that a simple phrase has blown them all, like bubbles, away.

A man's reformation is to be effected by his own resolute endeavor, God helping him. In the language of the Bible, he must "work out his own salvation." No one else can do for him. The world will not be renovated until every living person "in it begins to reform himself." Upon individual effort and individual aspiration all depends. We must change ourselves, before we can hope to work with any influence upon others. The beauty of holiness other men must be able to behold in us,

and then perhaps they will be attracted by the example. Instead of going out of ourselves to try and do the work in irresponsible masses, we shall have to fall back upon ourselves again, and trust to the power and spirit of the individual. Reforms properly begin at home. They must work in the heart of the reformer first. And until this truth is better understood and more generally practised upon, we shall hope in vain for any change that will be either thorough or abiding.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS AT THE RESIDENCE OF MR. HENRY MIRICK, OF CHARLESTOWN.—HIS DEMISE.

CHARLESTOWN, Aug. 24, 1867.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I was called to lecture in this city yesterday afternoon and evening. Soon after arrival here, I was informed that some very remarkable spirit manifestations had lately occurred at the former residence of Mr. Henry Mirick, an aged and esteemed merchant of Charlestown.

As I wish only to give facts to the public, I this morning called on Mrs. Mirick, No. 2 Church court, and from herself and daughter, received the account of what is here given.

On the evening of the 17th inst., in the presence of the family and friends, among whom were Dr. Neilson, of Charlestown, Mr. Charles Forster, now of Somerville, (Dr. Neilson sitting on the bed conversing at the time with Mr. Mirick, who was describing spirits and their conversation with him.) Mr. M. remarked that his friend, Mr. Thompson, who had been in the spirit land about a year, was present, and said "he had come to give him (Mr. M.) new eyes to see, and new ears to hear." He also said he saw a man who said "he had come to take him up higher." Being asked who it was, he replied, "There is Dr. Hurd," and as he spoke, one side of the bed raised six or eight inches from the floor, and came down with a heavy noise, that could be heard in all parts of the house.

Mr. M. said he heard the music of the harp, and was anxious for the hour to arrive for his spirit's release from the confines of the body. He was happy! He became quiet, and passed into a gentle slumber. His spirit left the earth form at about 2 o'clock A. M., Tuesday, Aug. 18th.

I have not time to give you now any more of this interesting case. Mrs. Mirick assures me "that it does not seem like death; her house is not a house of mourning; her loved companion lives."

Mr. Mirick was 73 years of age.

Yours truly, L. K. COONLEY.

NEW PUBLISHING ENTERPRISE.

We understand that James French & Co., simultaneously with going into their elegant new iron front store on Washington street, will publish the first of a series of illustrated Biographies, intended to illustrate the history of the settlement and early progress of our country. The first volume comprises the life of Capt. John Smith, the founder of Virginia. These books are intended more particularly for youth, but will be valuable additions to all family libraries. The series is from the pen of George Canning Hill, Esq., who has been maturing this favorite design for a number of years; and they are written with all the beauty and simplicity of style for which he is so well known. These volumes are to be illustrated from designs by Billings, and engraved by Andrew; and it is said that those artists are throwing themselves quite enthusiastically into their work. The typography, binding, and general style of this series of Biographies will be faultless—something better in its way, than has yet been attempted in this country. We predict a large and lasting popularity for a series of volumes that are so much needed not only by youth, but by the general reader.

SPLENDID OPENING.

On the evening of the 19th inst., some five hundred invited guests, with the Germania Band, assembled to celebrate the opening of Oliver Ditson & Co.'s elegant new Music Store, No. 277 Washington street.

The building was illuminated from attic to basement, presenting a truly fine appearance, and attracting a large crowd in the street. Ditson & Co. will keep on hand the most complete collection of music to be found in Boston. The number of sheets stored away in their vaults in the basement is over a million. The lower floor is arranged in suitable compartments, each of which contains an assortment of a single character. On the second floor are kept for sale, or rent, pianos from all the leading manufacturers. On the third is the book-room. The arrangements for a large trade in music and musical instruments are unequalled by those of any establishment of the kind in New England. The book-room is under the superintendence of Mr. John S. Adams, who is too well known in the musical world to require any mention at our hands.

The opening was an occasion of general pleasure and satisfaction, and the guests separated with the best wishes for the prosperity of the new establishment.

WHAT'S O'CLOCK?

Modern Spiritual Manifestations: Are they in accordance with Reason and Past Revelation. "Where on the dial-plate of this Nineteenth Century points most significantly the finger of God?" Published by S. T. Munson, No. 5 Great Jones street, New York. pp. 51. 8vo.

We have been favored from the hands of the author with a copy of the above work, and have perused it with much pleasure. It is a capital summary of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, so far as they have been satisfactorily demonstrated. As a short, comprehensive treatise on the most important subject at present before the human mind, there is nothing superior to it; and being addressed more particularly to professing Christians, is admirably suited for circulation among such of all denominations. The articles composing it were originally written for the "New Orleans Sunday Delta," in which paper they attracted considerable attention; and it is at the desire of those who met with them in that form that they appear in this, a desire having been expressed for their embodiment in a shape better adapted for circulation and preservation.

We commend this book to the attention of all who would open the eyes of the people to the light by circulating good, wholesome, common sense statements of facts and appeals to reason. The price is but 15 cents, from which there is a discount on quantities. It can be obtained of Dela Marsh in this city, and sent by mail, if so desired, either by Mr. Marsh or the publisher.

MUSIC HALL.

The friends of Mr. Thomas G. Forster will be glad to learn that he will speak at the above place on Sunday, Aug. 30th, as per notice.

HAVING ON THE COMMON.—The third drop of the season is being cut upon the Common.

Late European Items.

The Emperor and Empress of France were on a visit to Queen Victoria.

Bloomfield, Bishop of London, is dead.

A petition, calling upon Parliament to send out a much larger military force to India, than was contemplated, was receiving numerous signatures in Liverpool.

In the House of Lords, on Thursday, Lord Campbell presented a petition from the Queen and Princess of Oude, residing in England, expressing great regret at the revolt in India, and the suspicion attached to their relative, the Ex-King. The petitioners stated that they had received assurances from the King, that he was entirely innocent of any complicity in the outbreak, and they prayed that the charges against him be made known, so that he might establish his innocence. Objections were raised, on merely technical grounds, and it was withdrawn.

The trial of the Italians, accused of an attempt to assassinate the Emperor of France, had resulted in a verdict of guilty, with extenuating circumstances in favor of Bartolotte and Gbilli. The court sentenced Tibaldi to transportation for life, and Bartolotte and Gbilli to fifteen years' imprisonment. The trial excited very little interest.

It is said in official quarters, that, contrary to all expectation, the arrangement of the differences existing between the Spanish and Mexican governments had been suspended, in consequence of accounts received from Mexico by the last mail.

The crops in Italy had all been secured, and the wheat harvest had been set down at an average of a crop and a half. A considerable increase was also anticipated in the crop of wine.

The Morning Post publishes the following despatch from Constantinople, August 6:—The Porte having refused to amend the late elections in Moldavia, the Ministers of France, Russia, Prussia and Sardinia, have broken off diplomatic relations with that power.

The Emperor of Russia returned to St. Petersburg on the 1st inst., after his visit to Germany.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says that Schamyl, with the main body of his troops, had been beaten at Isalatavia, leaving 400 on the field; while the Russian loss was only 55 killed and wounded.

There is nothing later from India, but the papers continue to publish details of the atrocities committed by the insurgents, furnished from private correspondence.

In the city of London, the belief in the fall of Delhi has become almost universal. The reports of its capture previous to the 17th of June, have been found to be unquestionably false, but the impression is, that the event took place two or three days later, and that, although the news has not been received by government authorities, it had prompted the purchase of government stock, which they were making at advanced prices, both at Calcutta and Bombay, just before the departure of the mails from India. Expectation is now chiefly directed to the regular India and China telegraph.

Strahan, one of the London bank swindlers, who is about to be transported to Botany Bay, is a man of great wealth, and was in the habit of giving the most extravagant entertainments to his friends. He began life with \$1,500,000 in cash, and estates worth at least \$1,250,000; this large fortune being left him by Andrew Strahan, King's printer, in the reign of George IV. Several of the other aristocratic embezzlers who go out with him, were also possessed of great riches.

A Dutch woman lately landed in England, was so bulky as to attract the notice of the Custom House officers, who passed her over to a female examiner, who found on her person a petticoat lined throughout with tobacco, to the weight of twenty-one pounds. She said that the English ladies wore crinoline, but in Holland, tobacco was cheap, and she had substituted that article. The court did not think the excuse valid, and fined her 100l.

The Empress of the French gave a grand dinner to all the ministers of St. Cloud, on the 24th. The Emperor was absent.

The Columbia brings the news of the death of that venerable and excellent gentleman and Christian philosopher, Dr. Thomas Dick. At the ripe old age of eighty-three, he expired at his residence in Broughty Ferry, where he has lived for the last thirty years. The example of his calm, genial, honorable and useful life, should not be without its salutary influence.

The Mr. Delane, who recently died in London, was the father of the present editor of the London Times, John T. Delane, Esq., who has guided "the thunder" for the last fifteen years.

The China correspondent of the New York Times writes that the government of the United States has decided to take possession of the island of Formosa, as security for the payment by the Chinese government of the indemnity demanded for damages done to American interests during the disturbances at Canton.

"Christy's Minstrels" made their first appearance at the St. James Theatre, London, and met with great success.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The Anglo Saxon came too far north to fall in with the telegraph fleet, and reports thick weather and constant head winds. Owing to an accident on shore, the telegraph fleet did not sail from Valencia until Friday evening.

The latest report from Valencia was on the 10th, 4 P. M. The work of laying the cable is going on as satisfactorily as its best friends could wish. About 300 miles have been laid, and the depth at which the cable is now being submerged is two miles. The signals from on board the Niagara are everything that an electrician could desire. The steamers are heading west, with a moderately fair breeze, and the cable is running out at the rate of five miles an hour. Messages are being constantly received on shore.

RATHER TOO FAST.

The article in the Telegraph, from Mr. Hazard, relative to Mr. Mansfield's mediumship, appears to us to have been rather too hastily put forth. Thousands of tests have been received through Mr. M. for persons in all parts of the country, and one case should not have been taken when so important a matter was to have been discussed, involving not only the credibility of the medium, but the cause to a considerable extent.

There is something more than clairvoyance at the foundation of Mr. M.'s mediumship; and the cry of low order of spirits, does not satisfy. Why may not Mr. H. have been imposed upon, by spirits, as well as Mr. M.?

The Busy World.

TWENTY GENTLEMEN of Springfield have organized the first boat club of Springfield, and purchased a beautiful eight-oared boat called the "Advance," built for them at Boston. Another club in the same place organized last Saturday evening, has purchased a fast six-oared New Haven boat, the "Naiad."

A GIRL six years old went upon the roof of the old Merchants' Hotel at Buffalo, and tried to walk across the skylight, when she fell through, a distance of 45 feet; and though her soul was fractured she will probably recover.

ON MONDAY, nearly 300 emigrants arrived at Castle Garden, New York, by the ship Liverpool, from London, and in less than three hours nine-tenths of them were on the cars and safely on their way to the West.

Mrs. CUNNINGHAM's health has improved since she has been in jail, and she is now as comfortable as could be expected. Her family have packed up their goods and left 31 Bond street, greatly to the relief of the neighbors.

THE LAST REMNANT of Walker's filibusters arrived at New York on Thursday in the Tennessee from Greytown. Not less than 6,700 of their comrades have found their graves in Nicaragua.

COTTON.—The first bale of new cotton of the season arrived in Richmond, Texas, on the 7th of August.

THE COMPLETION of the Milwaukee and Horicon railroad to Berlin was duly celebrated on 12th of August by an excursion, dinner, speeches, cannon, music and a grand ball.

VERDI refused 30,000 francs cash and a benefit of 25,000 francs, which were offered to him by the Emperor of Russia, if he would compose an opera for the St. Petersburg theatre.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Congregational Journal says, that the Congregational Church in Shelburne, N. H., is reduced to three female members. He also gives a list of about twenty churches in other places, which are not much better off.

TWO CHILDREN named Fitzgerald died in Bellows Falls, Vt., in consequence of eating lead-stools by mistake for mushrooms.

MADAME STORMS, of Delft, Holland, has purchased a tract of land five miles from Kingston, Tennessee, and three miles from the Tennessee river. One essential element which controlled the selection was the belief that it would be very favorable to the rearing of the wine grape. If this experiment should prove successful, it is believed that it will be the commencement of a large emigration of the Dutch to this country.

THE WHOLE FLEET of boats belonging to the students of Dartmouth College was carried off last week by a freshet in the Connecticut, with the boat house, and all dashed to pieces in the falls below Hanover; loss \$500, no insurance.

WOOL.—The Hartford, Conn., Times boasts that there is one firm in that city who handle more wool than any one wool dealing house in any other city of the Union.

THE BROOKLYN STAR announces the death of Margaret Pine, "the last slave" in New York State, at the age of 79.

SECRETARY FLOYD and several other members of the Cabinet contemplate a visit to Old Point Comfort. Four hundred guests are now at the Hygeia Hotel.

A CECILIAN failure, that of the Rev. William Jarvis, of Middletown, Conn., from unsuccessful speculations, is announced.

HENRY E. CHAMBERLAIN, who has kept a store in Palmer Depot, Mass., is suspected of having foully disposed of a child, born of a young woman whom he had been compelled to marry, after seduction. He and the child are both missing. The mother is of a respectable family in Stafford.

AMONG the passengers of the Arabia is Madame Frezzolini, the celebrated Soprano, who is engaged by Mr. Ullmann for the Academy of Music.

THE NEW BEDFORD STANDARD learns that the potato rot is spreading rapidly in that vicinity.

IT IS STATED that over 100,000 acres of land in the United States have been planted with the Sorgho, or Chinese Sugar Cane.

IT IS ESTIMATED that the United States revenue returns for August will amount to \$6,500,000—a sum larger than was expected; and the estimate for the quarter is \$20,500,000.

NEARLY ONE HALF of the recently returned Nicaraguans have been sent to their homes by private subscription, or the tender of free tickets on the routes leading thereto. A mass meeting was announced in New York last Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock, to take some measures for relieving the necessities of the remainder, numbering nearly one hundred.

TWO STEAMERS were burned at the Cunard Dock, Jersey City, last Friday morning. Loss about \$26,000. The steamship Arabia very narrowly escaped destruction.

THE EDITOR of the Chicago Democrat has been arrested for robbing the Post Office drawer of money letters, and held to bail in the sum of \$9000.

THE VERA CRUZ correspondent to the New York Herald, writing on 4th inst., states that the mortality from the vomito was very great. Suicide was so frequent that it was regarded as epidemic. Smuggling was carried on to a great extent on the frontier. People were tired of the Spanish invasion reports.

A DRESS REFORM CONVENTION was recently held in Auburn, N. Y., during which a resolution was passed that "Paris fashions are a nuisance."

HOW THE RAPS ARE MADE.

An excellent article, coming as it does from one who does not accept the doctrine of Spirit communion, with the above caption, is published in Monday's Traveller.

It is understood to be from the pen of Hon. Luther V. Bell, a gentleman of high standing in literary circles, and this being true, it is a very fair offset to the wisdom of Professor Felton, and the Mud-Turtle hero. We have no room for it this week, and do not wish to mar it by publishing parts of the article, so we will give it entire to our readers in our next. It is one of the most goading rebukes Harvard ignorance, stupidity and insolence has met with.

115 CAMBRIDGE STREET.

W. J. Appleton, at the above locality, keeps a fine assortment of Fancy Goods, and articles for beautifying the fair, and what is of more importance, he serves you with all the magazines and papers of the day, among which the Banner of Light is conspicuous. Thus both mind and body is cared for by the genius of the place, who seems by his course to understand the wants of the people.

Dramatic.

THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM continues as much of an institution as ever. It has done a rattling business this season, and offered the public many very attractive and brilliant performances. John Brougham has gone, with his wit and his waggonery. Blake, George Jordan, Mrs. Kirly, Mrs. Blake, and Miss Thompson certainly make a strong company. We are glad to know that this favorite little box has been doing, and is still doing, so well.

THE MUSEUM offers a new attraction in the person of Mrs. Gladstone, who has made a highly favorable impression. She promises to be a great card at this popular place of amusement. The usual talented company make up the bill every evening, and the house is well filled invariably.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE is to be opened on the 31st, by Mr. W. B. English, whose skillful management needs no praise at our hands.

AT THE MELODEON the fine representation on canvas of Kane's Arctic Voyages still continues to draw crowds. The painting, as a work of art, is superior. It will remain but two weeks longer. Our citizens have united in praising it from the day it was first displayed to the public.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS at the Music Hall have been very satisfactory to the public and remunerative to the managers. They continue only one week longer.

Edwin Booth commences his fall engagements on Monday, August 31st, in New York, playing at Burton's on that evening.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers, an excellent Philadelphia actress, (formerly Miss Crocker, and a sister of Mrs. Conway,) will play a series of star engagements this coming season, and opens, it is stated at the Boston Museum in September.

Mrs. Lizzy Weston Davenport is engaged for next season by Mr. Barry of the Boston Theatre, to play the business lately played by Mrs. John Wood and Mrs. Barrow. Mr. Barry is in partnership with Mr. E. A. Marshall, and all performers engaged by them will play in Philadelphia and New York, as well as Boston; changing from one city to the other through the season.

Mr. J. B. Howe is engaged by Messrs. Marshall and Barry, for New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

The Keller Troupe will commence an engagement at Forbes's Theatre, Providence, on Wednesday next.

Mr. G. Jamieson and Mrs. Annie Senter have been playing in St. Paul's, Minnesota.

The Gabriel Ravel troupe still draw crowded houses at the St. Louis Theatre.

Miss Elise Bridges and Prof. T. B. Brown have been giving readings and recitations at Nahant, Newport, and other watering places.

COMMON SENSE.

The following liberal idea of God is quoted by the "Trumpet," to show that Dr. Watts was almost a Universalist. The extract is taken from a work of that eminent divine, entitled "World to Come."—

"Whenever any such criminal in hell shall be found making such a sincere and mournful address to the righteous and merciful Judge of all, if at the same time he is truly humble and penitent for his past sins, and is grieved at his heart for having offended his Maker, and melts into sincere repentance—and what sinner will not?—I cannot think a God of equal and rich mercy will continue such a creature under his vengeance, but rather that the perfection of God will contrive a way for his escape."

This is all well, but it takes more now-a-days to give a man a right to the title of Universalist than a subscription to this sentiment. Colleges have to be endowed, proselytes must be made, and what was once a liberal Christianity is rapidly becoming, like all other associations, a cumbersome pile of machinery to oppress man, and peddle out rights to enter heaven through that particular channel, and to keep up the illusion that man could not get there except they go through a labyrinth of creeds, colleges and steeples.

REPORTS from the army at Fort Kearney state that the 6th and 10th Regiments of Infantry had lost nearly 600 men by desertion. The troops are much dissatisfied.

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

LORING MOODY will lecture on the Natural Basis and Practical Uses of Spiritualism, at East Abington, on Sunday, August 10th; Hanson, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 18th and 19th; Pembroke, on Thursday and Friday, 20th and 21st; West Duxbury, on Saturday and Sunday, 22d and 23d; Kingston, on Monday and Tuesday, 24th and 25th. Friends of Truth and Progress in the above named places, are requested to make all needful arrangements for the lectures. The meetings will, in all cases, be free; and objections to Spiritualism, on whatever grounds they may be urged, will be answered.

H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.

L. K. COONLEY, Trance Speaker, Portland, Me.

Wm. R. JOCELYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN H. CURRIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No 87 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BOSTON.—SUNDAY SERVICES will be held in the Music Hall, on Sunday, August 30, at 10-12 o'clock, A. M., and 3-5 P. M. Mr. T. G. FORSTER will lecture. Singing by the Misses Hall.

CHARLESTOWN.—Dr. L. K. COONLEY, trance speaking and healing medium, will lecture in Washington Hall, on Sunday afternoon and evening, August 30. He will also speak in North Hanson 2d Sunday, and in Quincy the 3d Sunday in September.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

SALEM.—Meetings in Sewall street Church, for Trance Speaking, every Sunday afternoon and evening. At Lyceum Hall, regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, under the supervision of J. H. W. TOOMEY.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Regular Sunday meetings in Court Room Hall, City Hall Building, at the usual hours.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

These celebrated Mediums for Physical Manifestations of Spirit Presence and Power, have established themselves at commodious parlors, No. 6 La Grange Place, (leading from Washington street) in a quiet and respectable part of the city, where they will give public exhibitions of their powers at 3 o'clock P. M., and 8 in the evening.

Private circles if requested. This is one of the best opportunities to witness this class of Spiritual Phenomena, ever presented to our citizens. Every man can now satisfy himself as to whether those manifestations do take place, leaving the question of their spirit origin to be settled after.

"Are these things so?" is the first question to be decided. Ladies will find this a good opportunity to witness the manifestations, as they are given at a private residence.

Price fifty cents each ticket, admitting one person to the circle.

D. C. ROBBINS, CHARLESTOWN, MASS., HAVERHILL, STREET, No. 3, has made the world his debtor by the discovery of New Remedies for Epileptic Fits, having treated successfully 400 cases out of less than 470—some of 25 years' standing.

ADDRESS

OF MR. THOMAS G. FORSTER,

AT THE MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY MORNING, AUG. 9, 1887.

Thinking it appropriate, I have chosen a few words from the letter of the Bible, as the basis of the discourse I shall offer you this morning. Sometime within the past history of the mediumship of this organization I delivered a discourse from the same text; but as I have said, seeing its applicability to the remarks I design to offer, I have chosen it again. You will find the words in Matthew 25: 46—"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

In attempting to discuss this question, I shall perhaps take a broad ground of argument; but do not be alarmed for fear that I shall lose sight of my text. I think I shall reach it before I conclude. There is a prevalent idea in Christendom which determines in reliance upon authority, both natural and divine, so-called, which hath resulted in the general faith of the inviolability of the letter of the Bible. As I once before said during my ministry here, through this organization, too much respect perhaps has been paid by some to the Bible, and not a sufficient by others. With regard to the inculcations of harmonious philosophy, as far as I have been enabled to comprehend them, through the pathway of my spiritual investigations, I find that within the Bible are many truths not properly comprehended; but I find also that this predisposition on the part of Christendom to rely on authority, has created a false interpretation and application of the letter of the Bible, and has given to the world many erroneous ideas resulting from this misinterpretation and this misapplication. Perhaps there is no text within the book that has been so destructive in its influence as the one I have repeated. Under the influence of the awful denunciation there threatened, the entire realm of Christendom is overwhelmed, as it were, with a dark cloud of gloom through which the dawning light of the present can scarcely penetrate. And yet it is a most stupendous error that hangs over Christendom, and the developments of modern times have been demonstrating the fact with regard to this error. I shall therefore advert to some of the ideas promulgated anterior to the present hour. But first let me refer to the reliance placed upon the infallibility of the text of the King James Bible, and also to the human authority which is brought by the existing denominations of all kinds in Christendom, in proof of the infallibility of its text. Now the most important feature perhaps in the Bible, is that of the nativity of the Nazarene, and yet it is not generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that Christendom today is undecided with regard to the day of that occurrence. You all have participated in the celebration of the twenty-fifth of December, but you have no positive and emphatic authority for that day as the birth of Christ; and even the authorities upon which the old Catholic hierarchy rely, disagree with regard to the day; and the investigating mind, in tracing the steps back through the vista of time, finds that there is far more authority, relatively speaking, for declaring that the twenty-fifth of December was the birthday of the heathen god Bacchus, which was celebrated long before, than there is for the inculcation that it was the nativity of Jesus. This day is known as that of the birthday of Sol, and the practice of making presents on that day existed centuries before Christ. Chrysostom, who lived toward the close of the fourth century, says that a change was made during his day at Antioch with regard to the celebration of the day by the Church; Clement of Alexandria states that he believes the day you celebrate at present to be the correct one, and yet he gives authorities to establish the fact that Christ was born on the sixteenth of May. So you see with regard to this important feature even the authorities upon which Christendom relies, are some of them at fault.

Again you will find that there is cause at least to doubt the reliability that should be attached to the letter of the King James Bible, from the fact of the vast amount of translations that have existed throughout the history of that book. You find as early as the first and second centuries that there were translations of the Old Testament and a part of the New, and you find by the authority of Chrysostom and Theodoret that during their day there were in existence the Syriac, the Ethiopian, and the Samaritan translations. Further you find that as early as 1200, there was a translation of the entire Bible into the French language; in 1371 there was a translation into the Polish language, and a little later, another into the Spanish. Luther concluded his translation into the German between 1521 and 1534, and in 1540 Calvin gave his translation. And here let me remark that your Puritan fathers, when they landed on the shores of your new continent, did not bring the King James Bible, but the Calvinistic translation; and most of them relied on that. Going back a little in the history of this book, we find the most reliable translation, as admitted by all Christendom, is that into the Greek language by the seventy learned Jews of Alexandria, or rather seventy-two, for such there really were. Now these seventy-two translated the Hebrew of the Old Testament into the Greek language, some two or three hundred years anterior to the birth of Christ, under the supervision of Ptolemy Philadelphus. And now let me call your attention to his character, as exemplified in the liberality he exhibited in the supervision of this translation, compared with the lack of toleration that exists in the nineteenth century. There was a heathen granting authority for the translation of the text book of a new religion into the language which was the language of all the learned men of the world, extending as it did over Greece, the shores of the Euxine, Asia Minor, Carthage and her dependencies, and all the towns and cities that occupied the shores of the Mediterranean. What shall we say of the want of toleration, even in the Athenian population of Boston, in the nineteenth century, in comparison with the liberality of this heathen? But the translation was made from the Hebrew into the Greek, and has been denominated the Septuagint, meaning the seventy. This is conceived, and perhaps correctly, to be the best translation of the Old Testament.

During the fourth century, St. Jerome produced the Vulgate, that is, the translation of the Bible into the Latin language; and this is the basis of the Bible that is now in use, and which has been since the days of its translation considered as authority by the Catholic hierarchy, and which the Protestants, generally speaking, have adopted. Therefore, all references now are being made to the Vulgate of Rome, and the Septuagint of Alexandria. Now, does it not strike you as certainly rational, that if any question should arise at the present day with respect to the letter of the King James Bible, with regard to the definition of any one word, that the book to which reference should be had to establish the falsehood or truth of the matter in question, would be the Vulgate or the Septuagint? By no means! In order to arrive at the legitimate authority, the learned investigator would go back to the original Hebrew of the Old Testament, and the original Greek of the New. With regard to the question now under discussion, I shall go back to the original. Before I do so, however, let me say a little more concerning the translation. In 1380, Wycliffe published his translation. During the reign of Henry the Eighth many translations were made, some of which were suppressed, and others considered canonical in part. During the reign of Edward the sixth, other translations were made, and every translation which appeared during the reign of either of these monarchs, was submitted to him, as the umpire to decide if the book should go forth as the Word of God. During the reign of Elizabeth, translations were made, the majority of them from the Vulgate of Jerome and the Septuagint of Alexandria, and but little reference was paid to the original Hebrew of the original text, or the Greek of the New Testament. Consequently, the conclusion is legitimate, that these translations, when they were issued to the world, must have been in part, at least, erroneous. Owing to these differences with regard to the translation of the Bible, King James concluded

to have a new one. Now, mark this!—and, with all due consideration and just reverence, I make the observation, and you will remember I am speaking of the nineteenth century, even amid the light of the nineteenth century, the infallible word of God. I say, think of the co-operation of those days, governed by Elizabeth, and of the bishops of those days, governed as they were by the rankest materialism, determining for your age what is falsehood and what is truth, what is the revealed word of God, and what is absurdity! And yet such is the case most emphatically.

King James called a convention of learned men, between fifty and sixty in number, which, before they assembled, was lessened to forty-seven; and they took the original Hebrew and Greek, and some of the most reliable translations, and gave their translation, which was published by authority, and is considered as authority still, even in republican America. This Bible was published in 1610 or 1611, and, as I stated before, the Puritan fathers did not bring this copy, because it had not become of sufficient note to be considered as entirely reliable, under the influences of the spirit of reformation that then was existing in the old world. Many of them brought the Calvinistic Bible with them, adopting afterwards the King James Bible of 1610. This Bible was submitted to James, and you will find that his principles and prejudices governed, in many of the instances in which he was called upon to determine with regard to the validity of the translation; and, as a result, you find that all Christendom is convulsed to this day with regard to one single word in the New Testament, and that is the word *baptism*.

The learned men of James's time could not determine upon a definition; James determined it, and the world is disputing yet whether pouring or dipping will take a man to heaven. With regard to the translation of the original Hebrew into the Septuagint, the example of liberality manifested by Ptolemy Philadelphus, is worthy of being imitated. Bring the matter from the great stand point where the fate of nations may be said to be involved, to the manifestation of individual right, where the principle is just the same, and here again the example of this heathen is worthy of being imitated by Christians. If it were, there would not be such a vast amount of vituperation and slander poisoning the atmosphere of your so-called (miscalled) free country. Through the agency of Ptolemy Philadelphus, the literature of Palestine was opened to the then learned world, and you find this little country, Syria, giving a new idea to the world. She had been covered up, as it were, by the ancient settlements of the Nile, on one side, and on the other by the great empires of Babylon and Assyria; yet through the toleration of that time, the literature of that age spread over the land, and the intelligence of that age began to comprehend a new thought—the glorious idea of the unity of God, in opposition to the Polytheistic antecedent to it. The world had been deluged with the idea of many Gods, when this newer and brighter thought dawned on humanity. It is true, the veil was not entirely withdrawn from the face of the Divine; but still, relatively speaking, this portion of the world was illuminated by the conception, undeveloped as it was, of the grand idea. Then many thanks to the heathen mind for this generous act! Those who have gone to damn the heathen, and declare that they have seen down into that pit of destruction from whence there is no return, are, to say the least, far more uncharitable to the heathen, than the heathen Ptolemy was to the world.

Now, during the earlier development of Christianity, (as I have before expressed it, and as, perhaps, in the days that are to come, you may express it,) in the earlier development of ancient Spiritualism, for such I call the dawn of the Christian era, there were many struggles necessary, in order to inculcate even a few minds with the beautiful thought of the spirituality of God, as dawning through the brighter light of Jesus, and the spirituality of man. Such a dark influence rested on the general mind of Judea itself, that but a few even of the apostles selected by Christ recognized the true spirituality of his mission. So you may see the difficulty which existed in impregnating the general mind with the mission Christ had in view, and it is difficult, even in your day of refinement and intelligence, to recognize the beauty and refinement that were born when the Star of Bethlehem rose. But the inculcation of the general mind, through the agency of Ptolemy Philadelphus, had its influence, and wherever the seed of truth had been scattered, as you continue to progress, you find an interior spiritual influx, the truth gradually moving onward, and here and there shooting forth. It shot forth in the development of Christianity, nearly three centuries after its first emphatic declaration. But owing to these many translations, and the misinterpretation and misapplication of many of the truths of Jesus, in your day there is but a slight conception of the beautiful lessons that he sought to inculcate. The interpretations rendered at the present day with regard to the books that purport to be the record of those times, are, for the most part, erroneous; and the consequence is, that modern Spiritualism, in endeavoring to demonstrate the glorious beauty of the truths given, assumes not that the Bible is true or false, as an entity, but that you must accept the Bible as the result of all that went before it. And though there is much truth and beauty in it, though purity and love dwell in the bosom of the Nazarene, and though he, through his life, lived up to what he professed, and the truths and principles that he sought to inculcate were exemplified in his beautiful character, still we have been surrounded and crowded by the deleterious influences that existed amid the plane of mind at that day, and antecedent to it. And in evidence thereof, men cannot tell the day on which he was born, and have adopted the birthday of a heathen god as his. It is true that this is immaterial, that it is of but little consequence on what day Jesus came into the world, but I advert to this circumstance to show how little reliance is to be placed upon authority as an adjunct of the truth it pretends to expound.

You find, too, that these authorities all differ in respect to the age of the world, and since the dawn of science and philosophy, since the sciences are coming to be the mouthpieces of consolation to humanity, you find there are other ideas being born with regard to it. The Septuagint declares that from the creation, to the birth of Christ, it was 5872 years; the Samaritan account that it was 4700, and the Hebrew 4004, and so on. There are two hundred different calculations with regard to this period of time, all looking to the translation of the King James Bible, or to the translations that preceded it, and all declaring upon authority that they are right, that the Bible is infallible and true with regard to this point, and must be accepted; and yet each one of these calculations is different from the others. Now the 4004 years, adopted by the Vulgate, is the one accepted by modern Christendom. But have you any authority for it? No! because science has demonstrated, and your college in the neighborhood cannot deny, (I care not what it may say with regard to the manifestations of modern Spiritualism,) that the world is far older than any of these authorities render it. And, as a consequence, of necessity, the conclusions of science will ultimately in the entire abnegation of the Biblical chronology of the world. Geology is demonstrating that the world must have been thousands of centuries older at the birth of Christ than the Bible allows. Therefore, accept the proposition that modern Spiritualism seeks to inculcate, which is—that you accept this book as you do any other; take the beautiful truths that you are compelled to recognize amid the rubbish of the past, but throw the rubbish aside. If you seek for treasures in the earth, you are not bound to accept the dress in which you find the precious metal embodied, but you submit the mass to the refining fire, and throw aside the worthless portion, and accept the pure metal. So take the metal of the Bible, submit it to the fires of reason, throw aside the dross, and accept the glorious result that will emanate therefrom in brilliant coruscations of materialistic spirituality.

Again, in the early history of Christianity and its struggling efforts at development, many questions arose among the learned, and in the first, second, third, fourth and fifth centuries, there were constant disputes going on. Witness that at Nice between

Athanasius and Arius, the former contending for the Trinity, and the latter for the unity of God. The contest existed for centuries, and at some future time I will give you the history of the Nicene church and of the manifestations given at that period. Now it is only necessary to advert to it. The bishops of Nice declared that Athanasius was right, and thus the mathematical absurdity of the Trinity of God was fastened upon Christendom for centuries. Still Arius could not accept the idea, and through his efforts the thought of one God was promulgated, until at the point of the sword, Unitarianism was driven into the midst of the Gauls of Spain, and there slept for a time. But the eternal seed of everlasting truth had been planted in humanity, and had kept working and moving, until about a century since it shot forth its little petals, and they were at once recognized by the more spiritual portion of mind. And the thought has been spreading its influence ever since, and as I stated on a previous occasion, the father of the medium who is now addressing you, introduced that idea amid the surroundings of that dark institution which had been handed down from the feudal ages.

This great difficulty existed in the early history of Christianity. Other difficulties existed, and among them, that in the words of my text, concerning the duration of punishment. Many of the learned fathers upon whom Catholicism relies as authority, sought to demonstrate the fact that the evangelism of man with respect to joy must be eternal; but owing to the original Greek they could not make joy eternal without making punishment eternal, and therefore they adopted the word eternal and everlasting, as the Greek word comprehended. In the other portions of the Bible, the Greek word *aion* has been rendered eternity, and *aionios* is rendered in the King James Bible as eternal and everlasting. But that is not the only definition, and I defy even Harvard herself to say to the contrary; and I quote in antagonism to Harvard, DeQuincy and other parties in regard to the matter. Old Adam Clark stumbled over it, saying that there was another definition attributed to the word, but he did not believe it; and you remember that for thirty-five years he struggled to fasten this error on mankind, and then broke down when he came to himself, and gave up the contest. If he had given it up before he commenced, he would have done the world a service. Here is a test of this—when Adam Clark left the form, there was a smothered joy on the part of Methodism that he went as he did, because the prognostications were, that if his life had continued, he would have become a Unitarian before long. If you doubt this, refer to any English residence of your country, which may have been living at the period of which I speak, who will doubtless remember concerning these things. The word *aion*, or *aionios* the adjective, means not only eternal and everlasting, but lexicographers give a different definition.

DeQuincy says the strict interpretation is this—"that duration or cycle of existence that belongs to an object in virtue of its genus." For instance, the *aion* of an apple-tree may be a full *aion*, but still differ from the *aion* of a chestnut-tree; and so in your sphere in the history of life, there may be an *aion* of childhood, an *aion* of manhood, an *aion* of old age, and the whole existence may be an *aion*—each one existing in itself, and varying from the others, and yet all strictly *aions*. This is the strict interpretation given of this word, and this is the interpretation of eternal and everlasting.

What is the result? Poor humanity has been going bowed down on the supposition that there was an angry God, and an eternal hell. One of the fundamental ideas of Spiritualism is that of progress, as Mr. Dayton attempted to enforce last Sunday afternoon. We take the truths of the Bible, and seek to demonstrate what we denominated the harmonious philosophy, and we say that the Bible will demonstrate, (if you take the original text,) what nature speaks of so beautifully, what all the stars are saying, and the sun is preaching to humanity—namely, that all man's future life, as is his present, is controlled by everlasting law. Let us do as King James did—we have the right—and anglicize the word *aion*, and make it *aion* and give the interpretation I have rendered from DeQuincy, which I will repeat—*aion* is that duration or cycle of existence that belongs to an object in virtue of its genus. Take the word *aion*, and remember the definition, and then read the text—these shall go into *aion* punishment and the righteous into *aion* life.

We abnegate the word punishment and substitute the word suffering, because punishment conveys the idea of revenge, and there is found in the spheres no angry God, and we recognize no such principle as revenge. We only speak of *aion* suffering, conditional suffering, a suffering proportionate to violated law; and when the suffering has ended, then that *aion* has terminated, and another *aion* begins. Consequently certain conditions are established in the spiritual world, whether you consider them of suffering or of joy. And therefore the bright mind of your sphere, aiming at spiritual progress, when he leaves the form, smiles himself out of that form into heaven, and he knows that the *aions* of the future are all conditions of progress; and forever and ever, along the pathway that God has marked out, he can move to higher *aion* conditions of happiness and joy. Even the poor unfortunate whom you consign to your prison-houses, finds that there is a God of mercy and of love, and that in the wise economy of the Father, there is a brighter and more beautiful system of ethics than earth hath ever known; that there is none of that cruelty that exists here, that there is no false administration of justice, no manufacturing an unrighteous law, and then punishing the victim of that law. And though there may be suffering there, he knows that the conditions of suffering are *aion*, that *aion* succeeds *aion* in the consecutive changes that will result under the divine impetus of the everlasting will of God, and he feels that through these *aions* of suffering, rising higher and higher, his soul becoming more and more refined, he will eventually reach the plane where the *aions* of suffering will terminate in *aions* of joy, and then on forever and ever, his spirit shall continue up the pathway of eternal progress, towards the central magnet of the great Father soul. Thus the Bible proves progress.

But there are other ideas in the Bible which demand consideration. Jesus has said that in his Father's house there are many mansions. What does this mean? It can be gotten over by no other process, than the magnificent syllogism of spiritualistic progress. Peter tells you that after Christ was crucified his spirit left the body and visited the prison-houses where were confined the spirits of men that had been rebellious in the days of Noah. Read your Bibles, ye who say that Spiritualism repudiates the Bible, and there you will find the spiritual adjuncts of all the glory and grandeur of rationalism and of modern Spiritualism. Christ went on a useless errand if he found that those spirits were incapable of rising. If he went there to preach, as Peter says, and as modern Spiritualism believes it is natural that he should have done, then he went there to tell them there are high ends before you, my brother or sister! You need not here be confined, for God is a God of love! There is no angry Father, but a God of mercy, of truth, grandeur, holiness and purity, and all these varied attributes comprehend a gigantic, universal magnet, constantly drawing you on. Oh, then, remove the incrustations of artifice, and mount higher than the roof of the prison-house of the Christian world!

Then the Bible in other texts, breathes the thought, spiritualistically interpreted, that man having progressed from the primordial condition of the world up to his present state, may be analogically concluded to be a universally progressive being, destined forever and forever to progress throughout the spheres to come, governed by this law, comprehended by the legitimate interpretation of this word *aion*. Your professors may say it is a false interpretation, but Thomas De Quincey against Howard, the lexicographers against the interpretation which recognizes an angry God! Modern Spiritualism coming into the case, assumes that the most charitable interpretation of the idea of God should be rendered to these dead languages; and, therefore, giving the most charitable interpretation, it abnegates the idea of an angry God; and, as nature accepts modern Spirit-

ualism, it is right that in accepting the idea that there are *aion* conditions, it should conclude that the word eternal is a mistranslation.

There is another thought on which I would dwell a moment. Admitting that the interpretation that we have given from these authors may be erroneous; let us look for a brief period at the word eternal in connection with evil. Now punishment, or evil, and hell, cannot by possibility be eternal; the Devil cannot be eternal; if you constitute the Devil eternal, that is existing from everlasting to everlasting, you make him a self-existent being, and Evil a self-existent condition. Therefore, the Devil and Evil are at an end, for only God and Truth are self-existent, and from everlasting to everlasting; therefore evil, though it may exist temporarily, must be merged into good, because all things are tending towards God, and must forever be agents in representing the will in that eternal principle of good. Therefore, the harmonious philosophy declares that all throughout nature the eternal will of God is moving and operating, and all things ultimately tend to good. "But," says the skeptic, particularly the theological skeptic, "what do you do with evil? Your cities are crowded with suffering, as the result of evil; your papers teem with the history of crime, and all the lanes and avenues of life seem to be rife with evil—how is this?" My friends, all this may be, and yet the harmonious philosophy contends that there is not in the economy of God a principle of evil; but owing to misinterpretation, misapplication, and excess, with regard to the laws of man's being, partial evil is the result. Men misapply what was originally good; they run into excess a principle originally good, and evil is the result. It is the same in the moral world as in the natural world. Take your finger for instance, and place it in the fire; there is an attempted admixture of elements which are at war with each other. The finger burns and you suffer in consequence, but you have no right to say that God burnt your finger, because you violate the law that pertains to the fire and the finger, and there is corresponding suffering. Such is the case all through the ramifications of thought, as an element of the moral world; and if you burn your moral finger, you will have moral suffering, and so throughout all creation; but you cannot argue a principle of evil therefrom, for evil cannot exist, because the principles of being are eternal and self-existent with the Father, and must be ultimately destined for good. Therefore, each violated law fulfills in the administration of suffering the high end of that degree of suffering, and then determines onward to another *aion*. And so on through the scale of being organic law is ever moving, and there is no escape from suffering, though there is an entire abnegation of punishment. There is no escape from suffering; it must come from the violation of moral law, and so Spiritualism establishes the moral obligation of man, and does not destroy the moral obligation. Believe me, that the hope of heaven is a higher incentive to God's children than the fear of hell; that the glorious and beautiful truths of the *aion* condition in the spheres to come, if properly understood, would lead humanity from error to the pathway of virtue and truth, and the aspiring hope would expand with an increase, as man rose from the miasma of an *aion* of evil. Fear is a base animal passion, and has nothing to do with spirit; it never was generated in the spirit of man; it comes from the animal, and is only the effect of the misapplied qualities of spirit. Fear nothing! not the maledictions of your fellowmen; not the anathemas of the exalted in your sphere; fear nothing! but move on, manfully asserting the sovereign independence of your spirit, in the wide universe of God, where all his children exist upon the same platform of spiritualistic equality. This base passion of fear has done more harm than any other thought that has ever been born from the womb of the past, or that ever culminated in the present. This idea of fear has created wrong motives; has created an impetus that is false in society; and men and women are absolutely and by necessity, according to the demonstration of modern theology, inclined to evil, when the fact is that man is naturally inclined to virtue and truth; and if these huge barriers that have been created by the misinterpretation of the past, and this false conception with regard to fear, were removed from the mind of man, man's soul would be expanded and illuminated, and then even on earth would he progress onward still higher and higher on the plane of being!

There is no such thing as punishment, a positive emphatic principle of evil. The more you investigate the philosophy of modern Spiritualism, the more you will find it true that there are no future rewards and punishments; and there is no future judgment, no remote period when God is to sit in judgment and divide the sheep from the goats. The eternal principle of good is operating through all being, and organic law is the pen of a recording angel that is inditing upon the human heart hourly, the effect of good and bad deeds; written there, are the lineaments of men's characters, and when the earthly being is thrown aside, the spirit will mount upward and bear that record with it, and upon that record will be established forever and ever the *aion* conditions of the life world:

"Where you will live your lives again;
Where, warmly touched or coldly dim;
The pictures of the past remain—
Man's works will follow him!"

WHAT SPIRITUALISM CALLS FOR.

Reform is the watchword of the day; we hear of many schemes for the amelioration of mankind, all to be accomplished in some far distant day. But we think there can be much accomplished in the present, where the heart is truly wedded to the cause of human reform and happiness. A little practice, entered upon with heart and soul, by one and every individual professing Spiritualism, will do more in the course of a few years, than any amount of theorizing and lecturing will do in a century. Upon every one of us is laid the individual responsibility of answering to the Divine query: "Where is thy brother?" and our hearts and consciences must respond either guiltily abashed, or tranquilly serene, when the God within us queries: "Wherefore is thy brother lost to honor and rectitude, thy sister to truth and virtue?"

Oh, brother man! the poor inebriate rolling in the gutter has not become a brute at once. Oh, sister woman! the painted, shameless street walker, has not become that degraded thing at once. Gradual is the process of degradation, as is that of progression; few souls plunge headlong into vice and crime. But thoughtlessness, selfishness, and willful ignorance of another's wants and wrongs, are the blots upon our humanity. The chase for gold excludes the gentler sympathies; vanity and fashion have so scared woman's heart, that it frowns on poverty, and smiles derision on misfortune. Oh, that a noble, energetic spirit, a loving unity of purpose would enfeeble us all! Are examples of self-denial needed? History teems with them; and the private lives of thousands afford proofs of its exelling beauty and great reward. Living proofs surround us, of the beauty and self-devotion of unostentatious lives, consecrated to the amelioration of suffering to the weal of others. But as yet there has not appeared a phalanx devoted to this most holy cause, practically illustrating the living principle of Spiritualism, the practical adaptation of the ever golden rule. Self-denial should be our watchword here, as realization will be our onward motto in the spheres. There is a holy, indestructible peace attending its manifestations, that no earth attained glory can surpass.

While earth and its inhabitants are undeveloped, while pitiful, wretched storms shake the weakened frames, and sattering tannents of the poor; while

the proceeds of labor are monopolized, and the toilers of earth are also its slaves—while there is one cry for food, one wall of suffering borne upon the wind, one orphan head unsheltered, one little foot unshod—oh, let us practice self-denial, in our homes, in our surroundings, in our dress, in our every expenditure; let us deny ourselves, and give to the needy, and great and exceeding will be the reward thereof.

It is pleasant and congenial to be surrounded by comforts and luxuries; but, oh, consider! practical philosopher and aspiring Spiritualist! Better it is to give to a struggling family their winter's fuel and some warm, necessary clothing, than repose thy healthy form upon that crimson velvet lounge, that cost thee some eighty or ninety dollars. A plainer one will render thee the same service, and if not quite as downy, the satisfaction arising from duty fulfilled would smooth the hardest couch, and woo the most reluctant slumber.

Who does not love the beautiful in art and in nature, in dress and adornment? Most of us instinctively do; but while the costly fabrics, the gems and gold of earth are sat upon and watched by guarding griffins of avarice and monopoly, it is only by infringing upon the rights of others that we appropriate them to ourselves, given to us as they are, at an exorbitant price by the monopolizing hand of speculation.

That woman should seek to adorn herself with the pearls of ocean, the gleaming diamond and the sparkling ruby, is but natural, is laudable and just. But must we admit that her love of ornament exceeds her love for humanity? When earth shall be freed from tyranny, when the dream of equality shall be realized, these things will all become the common property, as heaven's sweet gifts of air and sunshine now are.

But until then, oh sister! wilt thou not forego a little earthly glitter, for immortal deeds of charity? Wilt thou not, in place of the earth-drawn gem, adorn thyself with heavenly drowdrops of pity for thy suffering race, clothe thyself with undying hope in place of the emeralds gleam, and let the love-light of thy heart cast a celestial rosy radiance, far more precious than the ruby's glitter, over the darkened path of thy less favored brothers and sisters? Woman! thou hast been called nobly enduring in many a holy cause; canst thou lack enthusiasm in this earth's mightiest cause, refuse thy aid in laying the sure foundation of a solid moral structure, that is to reach unto Heaven itself? To thee we make this strong appeal, for thine is the mighty influence, the all conquering power to lead man. Thou hast been proclaimed queen of fashion and leader of society. Declare thou now that more exalted being, a queen of benevolence, a leader in the paths of duty, of self-denial! With thy well known moral heroism, cast aside thy outward trappings of wealth and station, thy costly robes, coined from the life-blood of toiling sisters. Walk abroad simply clad, sharing thine abundance with the needy; and if thy own means are scanty, do what thou canst, and wherever the opportunity offers. There are hearts seared by misfortune's power, cankered by grief, plunged in the night of unbelief. They need aid, counsel, hope, and certainty; prove to them that sympathy lives and toils for others; that poetry and beauty dwell in action, as well as upon the printed page. Uplift the fallen, not with reluctant hand, but with a prayerful heart, and when tempted to purchase this or that luxury, or this or that ornament, pause and reflect upon the good thou canst do with trifling sums thus saved throughout the year. Life here is but a short span at the best. Spiritualism tells that every pure, unfulfilled wish shall, in our future abode, find full realization. Therefore, let us be self-denying; living for others, striving each day for advancement upon that unending stairway leading to the realms of God. Spiritualism calls for action, for self-denying lives, for unity of purpose; for emancipation from the shackles of fashion and entrangling customs, as much as for freedom from sectarianism and bigotry.

WHAT SPIRITUALISM DOES.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

"Don't go nigh a spiritual circle," said a lady, (she was the wife of a preacher of the gospel,) "they are a poor deluded set, and if I were you I would not trust myself within their influence."

"Do you not believe in a good, and also evil influence?" I asked.

"I believe the 'devil goes about like a roaring lion,' seeking whom he may devour," she said solemnly, "it is sufficient to warn me."

"The devil has a great license, Mrs. S. If there were no countervailing influence, what think you would become of us?"

"Oh, I don't know," was the unsatisfactory reply; "we ought to lean more upon Christ—surely his example is sufficient, his commands imperative; if we obey him, we shall need no spirit interference."

"But we need their good influences to assist us in performing all these duties, do we not?" Christ commanded his disciples to "heal the sick," &c., told them they possessed divers gifts which they were to use. Every Sabbath we are reproved for our disobedience of positive duties, for our lack of faith, our unwillingness to bear the cross. We are told also that whatsoever our hands find to do, we must do with all our might—what do they mean?"

"Oh, they speak figuratively, of course; it is absurd to suppose for a single moment that we could do what Christ did."

"And why not, provided we have faith enough he said we could; ought we to doubt his word?"

"No, certainly not; but he performed miracles."

"So do mediums in a degree; wherein they fall short, according to Scripture teaching, is to be attributed to their lack of faith. The healing mediums perform some very remarkable cures; scientific men say nothing about that part of what they denominated humbug. The sick have been healed, the lame made to walk, the blind to see, in innumerable instances, as they were bidden, even by the laying on of hands. If Satan does it all, he certainly is deserving of a better character than he has hitherto sustained; at least I think so."

"But Christ did more—he raised the dead to life; think of Lazarus?"

"Lazarus was not dead; Jesus Christ said so distinctly, as plain as man could speak, he is not dead but sleepeth. Probably Lazarus was in a trance, and Jesus knew it. What right have we to suppose he spoke figuratively? Sleep and death are twin brothers—both do the Father's will. If we search the Scriptures, we shall find much in support of this new and beautiful doctrine; beautiful, because it removes so many obstacles in the way of our

But it is not the mission of spirits, while human laws and their punishments are in direct opposition to God's laws, to go so far in their exposure of evil deeds, as to place the wrong-doer within the grasp of human laws. When laws shall be made providing proper punishments, all tending to reform the transgressor, it will be different.

Now, we have not been able to test this communication. It may not be true, though we think there is foundation for the statements, and we shall be happy to hear from any friend in that section of the country in reference to it.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels of words-long,
That on the streets and fore finger of all Time,
Sparkle forever."

"Oh, melon-scented lily!
Oh, water Queen of flowers!
When shall I see the silver waves
Jangling around thee like sweet slaves
To beauty in its bowers;
When shall I take an earthly part
In honoring thy golden heart?
Oh, pretty rose autumnal!
Oh, fairy Queen of trees!
When may I trace thy gentle buds
Adorned with their emerald studs.
In their green palaces:
When see thy vernal velvet fall
Under thy ruby coronal?"

No that is once admitted to the right of reason, is made a
freeman of the whole estate.

There is no great and no small
To the soul that maketh all;
And where it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere.

Already the day exists for us, shines in on us at unawares;
but the path of letters and of science is not the way into
nature.

Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late;
Our acts our Angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us
receivers of its truth and organs of its activity.

Too oft the light that led our earlier hours
Fades with the perfume of our grade flowers;
The clear, cold question chills to frozen doubt;
Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without;
Oh, then, if Reason waver at this side,
Let humble Memory be thy gentle guide;
Go to thy birthplace, and, if Faith was there,
Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer!

When we discern Justice, when we discern truth, we do
nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams.

How sweet to gaze on eve's bright star,
To roam in thought through yon blue sky!
How sweet to mount those realms afar—
Aye, hoping still as on we hie!
Yes, though on earth in spirit risen,
These strange, wild thoughts leave us in Heaven.

Choose over the plainest road; it always answers best. For
the same reason, choose ever to do and try what is the most
just and the most direct.

Written for the Banner of Light.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

In a spacious, luxuriantly furnished chamber,
sat a man in middle life, all the appurtenances of
wealth surrounding him—bountiful luxuriance
on every side. Statuary and pictures, books and musi-
cal instruments adorning his retreat. But he, the
owner of that palace home, the proud possessor of
broad lands and fertile acres; the millionaire, before
whom bowed the cringing, sycophant crowd, smiles
but seldom, is weary amid his downy cushions, and
droops amid the splendors of high estate. Dark and
dreary is the life within, though the external world
smile over so brightly; the star worlds gleam not
for him with love's attraction. Bound for years in
the narrow fetters of an enslaving creed, his strug-
gling soul, escaping from sectarian bondage, has
found, not rest or comfort, but a dark and sluggish
valley, in which his faltering footsteps wander. To
the unilluminated realms of scepticism and material-
ism, his spirit has fluttered painfully; and there
grasps in darkness, bowed and wandering. A beau-
tiful young wife, once the cherished flower of his
soul, has left his side for the cold grave, and his
heart mourns the forever lost. Two beautiful in-
fants have departed for the unknown shore, the an-
gel impress on their brows effaced by the mouldering
touch; and doubting, stern and gloomy, the poor
rich man pours forth his bitter agony to his solitude
alone. Men call him proud and reserved; he is but
skeptical and unhappy. Many have deceived him,
in whose pledged word he trusted; and his freely-
given bounties too often have been bestowed upon
the unworthy and the designing.

In the twilight stillness the solitary millionaire
sits brooding o'er the love-promised past, the empty
present, and the void and aimless future. "Oh, im-
mortality! thou glorious cheat! By priests and fa-
natics promised, would I could believe in thee! My
departed Mary! my idolized little ones! could I but
dream of reunion with you hereafter, how gladly
would I bear the isolation of my heart! Wherefore
was I placed on earth, to grope my way amidst its
doubts and sorrows, its conflicting dogmas, its cruel
bereavements? What is my destiny, this life that
breathes, this soul that aspires, this heart that loves,
doomed to eternal forgetfulness in the grave's em-
brace! And yet, my being rebels at the august sen-
tence; wherefore am I endowed with these bound-
less capacities, these high yearnings, these unfa-
turable longings for perpetuated love and life?
Vain, vain the longing—there is no proof for what I
desire. I have beheld death, but not their boasted
immortality; it is a cheat, and my being's doom is
annihilated!" Thus spoke the wretched man to his
solitude, while keen anguish racked his soul, and
the higher yearnings of an innate noble nature
strove with the despairing views of materialism.

Angel watchers, unseen guides, long had waited
for the auspicious moment of impressing that deso-
late spirit with hope and faith. Slowly and boun-
tifully the showered influence descended, lulling in a
dreamy peacefulness the laboring soul. Hitherto he
has mocked the revelations of Spiritualism; has
laughed at table manifestations, and pronounced the
Harmonical Philosophy, like many other things, "a
glorious cheat—beautiful, certainly, if true, but un-
convincing to him." Now the determination settles
upon his mind to investigate the subject in a becom-
ing manner. If true, a latent hope keeps whisper-
ing, what a glorious consolation! Immortality for
ever—there is a God, and a home for the aspiring
soul. If, like the others, but a vain, empty belief,
the investigation will serve to while away the hours
devoted to leisure.

In a neighboring, humble street, in an humble
tenement, lived a poor, industrious woman, whose
days were devoted to her household duties, to her
fatherless children. She was one of the privileged
ones admitted to the communion of departed spirits,
who still are living friends. She would receive vis-
its in the evening, receiving alike the calls of rich
and poor, never accepting the offered compensation
for the good dispensed, from the toiling and the dis-
abled. Many left her dwelling with treasures in
their hearts, with love-tokens of immortal recog-
nition.

tion in their hands. Thither the weary skeptic
bent his way, and was kindly welcomed by the un-
selfish medium. There were no other persons pres-
ent that evening; and with a scornful lip, but with
a lingering hope at his heart, the proud man seated
himself beside the table; searchingly regarding the
unassuming woman, who, with several sheets of pa-
per before her, and pencil in hand, calmly awaited the
spirit influence.

He had not told her his name or residence; he
was simply attired; he had never before beheld her;
she could know nothing of him. But her hand now
moved rapidly across the paper, her eyes glancing
another way. The communication was signed, and
she handed it to him for perusal. Strange emotions
shook his frame; a soft mist, as of long-forgotten
tears of feeling, veiled his eyes, hope throbbing in his
bosom as he read:—

"I am often near thee, beloved and unforgotten
one. I await thy coming here with a quiet joy.
There is a spirit world; yes, there are endless realms
of inconceivable beauty, where the immortal spirit
progresses. Thou couldst not awaken to this con-
sciousness; but thy time has come, the time when
thou shalt acknowledge the eternity of love, the jus-
tice of Omnipotence, the beauty of life, the destiny
of the soul. Live, and thy children live, happy, pro-
gressive spirits! and thou shalt recognize our near-
ness to thy soul. Thy life, Mary."

He would have concealed his emotion from the
medium, but in vain. Tears of holiest joy streamed
from his eyes, sobs burst from his grateful heart.
Yes, it was her language, her name; she lived and
loved him still! But he could not at once cast aside
the lingering fear of skepticism; but he continued
the investigation, not alone in that humble room,
but in many places with varied mediums. Day by
day his convictions deepened, proof upon proof was
added. A new life, an unthought-of joy streamed in
upon his solitary being. This spirit wife addressed
him with loving, encouraging messages that armed
his soul with strength against the world. His an-
gel children hailed him with accents of remembered
love and joyful prophecy. A serene and holy calm
permeated his soul; life was no longer blank and
aimless; the future was a glorious realm of beckon-
ing joy! Justice and discernment guided his char-
itable hand; purity and high resolve nerved his
every effort. Nearer and nearer came the loved
faces; closer and closer was the love-chain bond,
encircling the glorified spirits of the immortal
worlds, and the aspiring soul of earth. Material
blessings were showered upon the humble woman,
whose glorious mission it had been to release his
soul from the bondage of materialism, and lead him
forth out of the dark valley. Morning dawned glo-
riously beautiful upon the bereaved and longing
spirit, as it dawned upon thousand awakening souls,
for this is but one of the myriad facts of holy and
redeeming Spiritualism.

Philadelphia, August 1st, 1857.

ANNIE LAURIE.

"If you want to hear Annie Laurie sung, come to
my house to-night," said a man to his friend, "We
have a love-lorn fellow in the village, who was sadly
wrecked by the refusal of a girl whom he had been
paying attention to for a year or more. It seldom
he will attempt the song, but when he does, I tell
you, it draws tears from eyes unused to weeping."

A small, select company had assembled in a pleas-
ant parlor, and were gaily chatting and laughing,
when a tall young man entered, whose peculiar face
and air instantly arrested the attention. He was
very pale, with the clear vivid complexion which
dark haired consumptives so often have. His looks
were as black as jet, and hung profusely upon a
square white collar. His eyes were very large and
spiritual, and his brow such an one as a poet should
have. But for a certain wandering look, a casual ob-
server would have pronounced him a man of uncon-
mon intellectual powers. The words "poor fellow,"
and "how and he looks," went the rounds as he came
forward, bowed to the company and took his seat.
One or two thoughtless girls laughed as they whis-
pered that he was "love-cracked"—but the rest treat-
ed him with a respectful deference.

It was late in the evening, when singing was pro-
posed, and to ask him to sing "Annie Laurie" was
a task of uncommon delicacy. One song after another
was sung, and at last that one was named. At
its mention the young man became deadly pale, but
did not speak; he seemed instantly to be lost in rever-
ie.

"The name of the girl who treated him so badly
was Annie," said a lady whispering to the new guest
—"but oh! I wish he would sing it; nobody else
can do it justice."

"No one dares sing Annie Laurie before you,
Charles," said an elderly lady—"would it be too
much to ask you to favor the company with it?" she
added timidly.

He did not reply for a moment—his lips quivered
a little, and then looking up as if he saw a spiri-
tual presence, he began. Every sound was hushed—
it seemed as if his voice were the voice of an angel.
The tones vibrated through every nerve and pulse
and heart, and made one shiver with the pathos of
his feeling; never was heard melody in a human
voice like that—so plaintive, so soulful—so tender
and earnest!

He sat with his head thrown back, his eyes half
closed—the locks of dark hair glistening against his
pale temples, his fine throat swelling with the rich
tones, his hands lightly folded before him; and as he
sang—

"And 'twas here that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true"

It seemed as if he shook from head to foot with emo-
tion. Many a lip trembled—and there was no jest-
ing, no laughing, but instead, tears in more than one
eye.

And on he sang, and on, holding every one in
wrapt attention—till he came to the last verse—
"Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fate of her fair feet—
And like winds in summer sighing
Are voices low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a world to me—"

He paused before he added—
"And for Bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die."

There was a long and solemn pause. The black
looks seemed to grow blacker—the white temples
whiter—almost imperceptibly the head kept falling
back—the eyes were close shut. One glanced at
another—all seemed awe-struck—till the same per-
son who urged him to sing, laid her hand gently on
his shoulder, saying:
"Charles, Charles!"

Then came a hush—a thrill of horror crept through
every frame—the poor tried heart had ceased to beat
—Charles, the love betrayed, was dead!

WORKING HIS PASSAGE.

A tall, awkward-looking chap, just from the Green
Mountains of Vermont, came on board one of the
splendid North River boats at Albany. His curiosi-
ty was amazingly excited at once, and he commenced
"peeking," as he called it, into every nook and
corner on the boat. The captain's office, the engine
room, the barber's shop—all underwent his inspec-
tion; and then he went on deck, and stood looking
in amazement at the lever beam, the chimneys, and
the various "fixins," till at last he caught sight of
the bell. This was the crowning wonder, and he
viewed it from every position; walked around it, got
down on his knees and looked up into it, and exclaim-
ed:

"Well, raly, this beats the bell on our meetin'
house a great sight."

By this time the attention of the captain and
several of the passengers were attracted to this
genius.

"How much would you ask to let a feller ring this
bell?"

"You may ring it for a dollar, sir," said the cap-
tain.

"Wall, it's a bargain, all fair and agreed, and no
backing out."

"It's a bargain sir," said the captain.

Our hero went deliberately and brought a seat and
took hold of the bell rope, and having arranged every-
thing to his satisfaction, commenced ringing, slowly
at first, and gradually faster and faster, till every-
body on board thought the boat was on fire, and rushed
on deck, screaming with alarm.

There stood the captain, and there sat the "Var-
mounter," ringing away, first slow, and then fast,
and then two or three taps at a time. The passen-
gers began to expostulate; the captain said it was a
bargain. But the passengers became urgent that
the eternal clangor should be stopped. All the while
there sat our hero undisturbed, ringing away more
ways than a cookney chime-ringer ever dreamed of.
At last the captain began to think it time to stop
the simpleton; but his answer was—

"A fair bargain, and no backing out," and he
rang away for dear life."

"Well," said the captain, "what will you take to
stop?"

"Wall, cap'n, I guess I sheant lose nothing if I
take five dollars and a free passage to New York, but
a darned cent less."

"Well walk down to the office and get your money
and passage ticket," said the captain.

MEMORY.

Nothing ever grows old in memory; the little boy
that died, so long ago, is an eternal child; and even
as he crept over the threshold of God's gates ajar, at
the beckoning of the Lord, so ever in the heart his
parting look, with heaven shining full upon his
brow; the beauty that the heart grew warm behold-
ing, in life's forenoon, when dew was on the world,
and played the truant with some angel, remains un-
touched by time, even as the unrent sky that let the
wanderer in.

"YOU MAY DO SO AGAIN!"—A gentleman from Bos-
ton chanced to find himself among a little party of
ladies, away down East, last summer, and while in
the enjoyment of some innocent social play, he care-
lessly played his arm about the slender waist of as
pretty a damsel as Maine can boast, when she
started and exclaimed, "Begone, sir! Don't insult
me!" The gentleman instantly apologized for the
seeming rudeness, and assured the half-offended fair
one that he did not intend to insult her. "No?" she
replied archly. "Well, if you didn't—you may do so
again," she added.

Agriculture.

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS AND FAIRS.—The times and
places appointed for holding the several agricultural
fairs in this Commonwealth, are as follows:—

Middlesex North, in Lowell, Sept. 16.
Worcester West, in Barre, Sept. 17.
Essex, in Newburyport, Sept. 20, and Oct. 1.
Middlesex South, in Framingham, Sept. 22 and 23.
Worcester, in Worcester, Sept. 23 and 24.
Housatonic, in Great Barrington, Sept. 23 and 24.
Hampden, in Springfield, Sept. 28, to Oct. 3.
Middlesex, in Concord, Sept. 29.
Norfolk, in Dedham, Sept. 29 and 30.
Worcester South, in Sturbridge, Sept. 30.
Bristol, in Fall River, Sept. 30 and Oct. 1.
Plymouth, in Bridgewater, Sept. 30 and Oct. 1.
Franklin, in Greenfield, Oct. 1 and 2.
Worcester North, in Fitchburg, Oct. 2.
Hampden East, at Palmer Depot, Oct. 6 and 7.
Barnstable, in Barnstable, Oct. 7 and 8.
Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden, in North-
ampton, Oct. 7 and 8.
Berkshire, in Pittsfield, Oct. 7, 8 and 9.
Nantucket, in Nantucket, Oct. 13 and 14.
Hampshire, in Amherst, Oct. 14 and 15.

GREEN CORN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.—Mr. David
Rowe, of Lancaster, Pa., has discovered and invented
a process for preserving green corn in the ear, by
which it does not become corrupt or mouldy, but re-
tains all the juice and taste and other qualities of
the milky grain. He plucks the ear of corn in
roasting-ear time, and places it on the table in the
winter season, either shelled or in ears, with all the
tender and delicious qualities of the fresh grain; and
in this state it is claimed to be a much cheaper and
more desirable dish than the ordinarily boiled and
dried (Shaker) corn or hominy. Last summer Mr.
Rowe prepared and put up eight bushels of ears by
this process, and it still retains all the sweetness
and milk of the new corn itself; and he also claims
that by this process more sugar can be obtained from
the grain than by any other process. A patent has
been granted to him.

FACTS.—Clay will permanently improve any soil
that is sandy or leachy. Lime and leached ashes
will also benefit leachy land.

Swamp muck, or peat, when dry, will take up,
without dripping, four times its own weight of
water. Hence the necessity of thorough drainage.

A ton of dry forest leaves produce only 600 pounds
of mould; hence, 600 pounds of mould produce a ton
of plants.

Clay, applied to sandy land, is far better than sand
to clay land. One hundred tons to the acre, will
give an inch in depth.

It takes five pounds of corn to form one of beef.
Three and a half pounds of cooked meat will form
one pound of pork.

Hogs should always have access to the ground,
and for breeding sows it is indispensably necessary.
The want of this has been the death of many a fine
litter.

Flashes of Fun.

BRINGING CHILDREN UP IN DEBERT.—"Pa," said a
child, "it was a serpent that made Adam bad, wasn't
it?"

"Yes, my child."

"And so we're wicked, pa?"

"Yes."

"Well, pa, if Adam had only put a tight fence
around his garden, so as to have kept the snake out,
we shouldn't have been wicked, should we?"

"Son, you shouldn't bother your head with things
you can't understand."

SHARP.—A countryman, while walking along the
streets of New York, found his progress stopped by
a close barriade of wood.

"What is this for?" said he to a person in the
street.

"Oh, that's to stop the yellow fever."

"Ah, I have often heard of the board of health,
but I never saw it before."

A HIT AT THE "UPPER TEN."—Coachman to house-
maid—"I think I shall leave this family, Mary."

Housemaid—"Why, John?"

Coachman—"Aw, well, Mary, you see they don't
suit my style! They haven't any marriageable
daughters in the family."

A "DEAD-HEAD" IN CHURCH.—In churches, sleep-
heads have always been numerous, but, until recent-
ly, we never heard of any one claiming dead-head
exemption when the plate went round. Last Sunday,
in a western village, when the plate was being passed
in—church, a gentleman said to the collector,
"Go on, I'm a dead-head—I've got a pass!"

THE EDITORIAL HEAD.—An editor in California
lately received a long document, which he was re-
quested to insert, gratis, under his editorial head.
He placed it under his pillow that night, and ex-
presses his willingness to insert similar communica-
tions in the same way, and on similar terms.

NEW EXPEDIENT.—Trade being quite dull with a
shop-keeper in one of the provincial towns of France,
he placed in his window the following placard:—
"The proprietor of this store desires to marry a
young lady or a young widow." The rush was
immense.

BENEATH THE SOFT MOON, at late evening, sat two
lovers, and the music of their whispering rose rich
upon the air, though somewhat quaint.

"Ah! Anna, believe me, without you I am nothing,
with you everything; say, will you be mine? a love
like mine would shed—would shed—" here he was
at loss for a word, when the affectionate Anna re-
marked, "Ah! Albert, don't mind the wordshed, but
go on with the pretty talk."

RENEWER, do you enjoy good health? "Why,
yaze, I does, who don't?"

Smith and Jones running round a corner, bring
their pumpkins together sufficiently hard to split
both. "Goodness, gracious," says Smith, "how my
head rings!" "Sign it's hollow," says Jones. "And
don't yours ring too?" "No!" "Sign it's cracked!"

A GAIN.—A merchant was the other day reproving
the keeper of a low groggery for his disreputable
mode of getting a living.

"I get my living as respectable as you do," said
the rumrunner. "Don't you live by your bargains?"

"Yes."

"Well, so do I, by my bargains!"

MARRIAGE.—Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage
is a means of grace?"

"Certainly; anything—is a means of grace that
leads to repentance." Scene closes with a broom
handle.

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